

THIRTY CENTS

JUNE 28, 1963

TIME

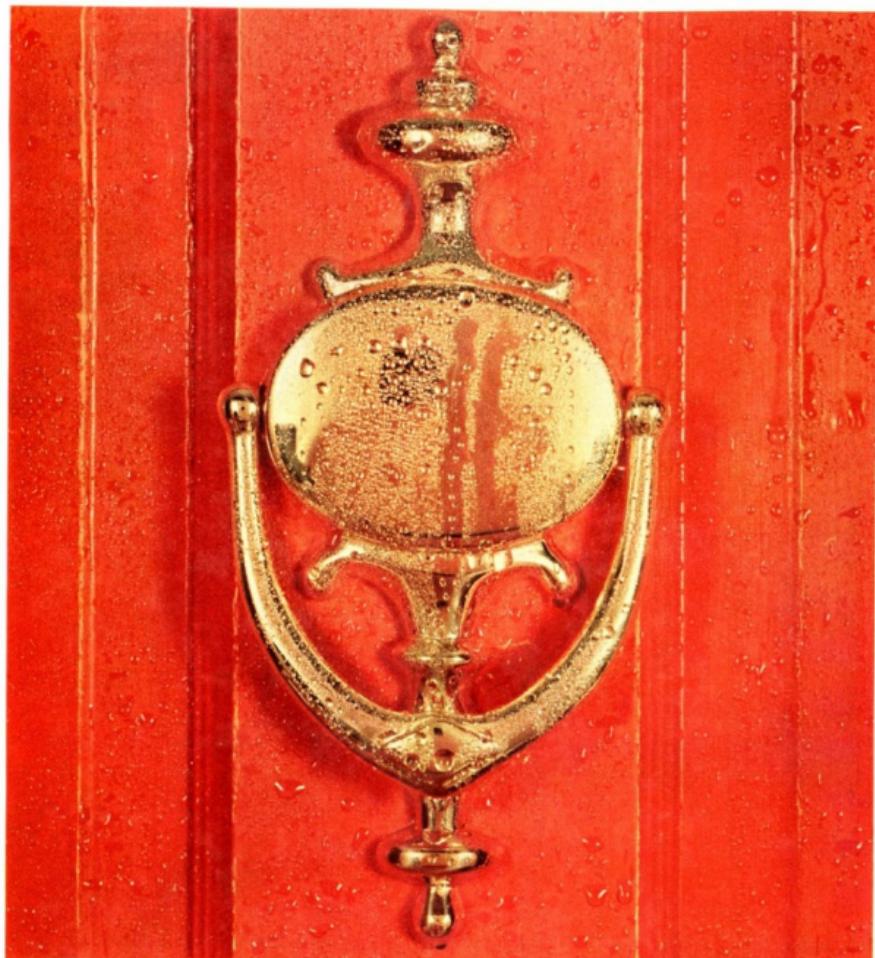
THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER MAGAZINE

POPE PAUL VI

DAVID LEES

VOL. 81 NO. 26

ISSUE NO. 2472



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CAN YOU HIDE A \$120,000,000 EXTRAVAGANCE?

(you can't)

Dulles International Airport is too big to hide, even in rural Virginia.

Nor can anyone easily hide the airport controversy now raging in the Baltimore-Washington area.

It centers around these questions.

Is Dulles a mistake? Was it built ten years too soon? How will it affect the convenience of travelers flying in and out of the area?

Here are the facts. You be the judge.

Friendship International Airport was built in 1950 to handle jet aircraft for both Washington and Baltimore. Friendship is located on a super expressway between the two cities. Dulles is not!

Friendship is just as convenient to Washington as Dulles. In fact, the overall trip from planeside Dulles to the airport bus terminal in downtown Washington takes you longer than from planeside Friendship.

Friendship is closer to downtown Baltimore by nearly two hours. It is over 70 hectic miles from Dulles to Baltimore.

Friendship handled *all* jet travel for both cities for over three years. And it is capable of handling three to four times that volume!

Is Dulles less expensive for airlines to use? On the contrary, it costs airlines up to three times as much to use Dulles.

You may wonder then why 120 million dollars went into the building of Dulles.

That makes two of us!

Just remember the *only* jet airport serving both Baltimore and Washington is Friendship.

Send your name and address and we'll send you, without charge, a current schedule of all flights in and out of Friendship Airport. Write Department of Aviation, Friendship International Airport-40, Maryland.



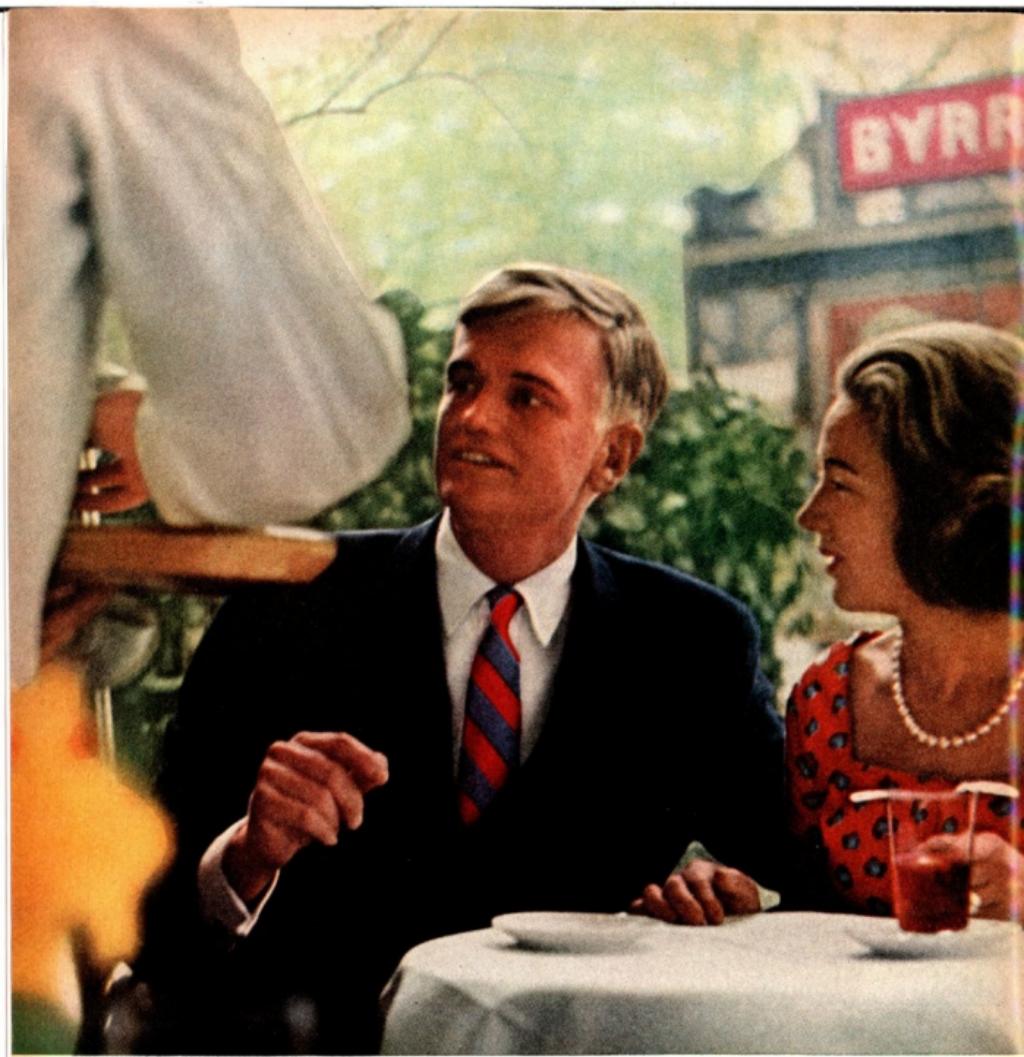
Photographed on Rannoch Moor, Scotland by "21" Brands

What does Scotland's moody climate have to do with Ballantine's sunny-light flavor?

Scotland's climate is an odd combination of weather conditions. There are periods of fine rain and hanging mists. Overnight it clears and a dazzling sun bathes the land. Somehow, this climate has a beneficial effect on Ballantine's sunny-light flavor.

At Dumbarton, oaken barrels of Ballantine's lie racked in the aging sheds. Heavy mists from the nearby River Clyde

mingle with rolling zephyrs from the Highlands, wrapping each barrel in a gentle blanket. Slowly the whisky "breathes" through the barrel, taking something, giving something. The end result is Ballantine's characteristic sunny-light flavor . . . never heavy or brash, nor so limply light that it merely teases your taste buds. Just a few reasons why: **The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.**



The Ransoms visit Paris for the 21st time
(on the world's largest airline)

They're Robert and Vera Ransom of Telegraph Hill, San Francisco. This is their 21st visit to Paris. And they're still thrilled with this indescribably beautiful city. They have visited 76 of the 110 member countries of the United Nations since they've been married. Why do so many experienced travelers like the Ransoms choose Air France? Jets to more cities in Europe than any other airline. Exquisite French food, even in Economy Class. Incomparable French service. Ideal schedules that make the most of their time. A friendly, helpful attitude by every Air France employee, everywhere. There are many more reasons. All excellent. Small wonder more people fly Air France to Paris than all other airlines combined. Et vous?

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 26

The President and the Wall (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) President Kennedy in West Berlin, relayed via Telstar.

Reckoning (CBS, 10-11 p.m.), Franchot Tone, Kim Hunter and James MacArthur star in a drama about a widower and his ungrateful son. Repeat.

Friday, June 28

Eyewitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Highlights of President Kennedy's first week in Europe.

Saturday, June 29

Irish Sweepstakes Derby (ABC, 1:30-2:45 p.m.). An attempt will be made to telecast the Irish Sweepstakes Derby via Telstar. The telecast will be repeated on ABC's *Wide World of Sports* (5-6:30 p.m.), along with the 24-hour endurance race from Le Mans, France.

American Football Coaches Association All-American Game (ABC, 10 p.m. to conclusion). The East's top college seniors play the West's in Buffalo's War Memorial Stadium.

Sunday, June 30

Issues and Answers (ABC, 2:30-3 p.m.). Guest: Allen Dulles, former head of the Central Intelligence Agency.

DuPont Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Behind-the-scenes story about production of a play, from casting through opening-night disaster.

Tuesday, July 2

Talent Scouts (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). New show in which both guest celebrities and young hopefuls will perform.

Focus on America (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). The human side of Abraham Lincoln, compiled from his writing, speeches and letters. John Collison stars as President Lincoln.

THEATER

Straw Hat

Summer stock, once a scattering of barns housing repertory companies of hard-up professionals and hopeful amateurs, has become big business. Today, although some local repertory companies remain, the trend is toward the traveling package shows, each with a name star of generally secondary magnitude. They arrive in town like the circus, carrying costumes, key props, usually stay a week and move on. Some of this summer's packages and their scheduled stops between June 25 and July 27:

Lord Pengo, recently of Broadway, starring Walter Pidgeon. Mountainhome, Pa.; Coconut Grove, Fla. (two weeks); Louisville, Ky.; Westport, Conn.

Come Blow Your Horn, still tooling after a long run on Broadway, with Hal March, who created the role, as the No. 1 trombone. Corning, N.Y.; Beverly, Mass.; Kennebunkport, Me.; Johnson City, N.Y.; East Hampton, N.Y.

The Unsinkable Molly Brown has become a flotilla. With Dorothy Collins at West Springfield, Mass.; Haddonfield, N.J.; Gaithersburg, Md.; with Barbara Gilbert

* All times E.D.T.

at Johnson City, N.Y.; Corning, N.Y.; Paramus, N.J.; Ogunquit, Me. With Jane Powell at Framingham, Mass.; Wallingford, Conn.; Warwick, R.I. With Dorothy Loudon at Beverly, Mass.; Hyannis, Mass.; Cohasset, Mass.

Thin-Tin, a sort of latter-day *Private Lives* without the Cowardly touch, with Dane Clark and Teresa Wright. Millburn, N.J.; Westport, Conn.

Can-Can, but can Patrice Munsel? Devon, Pa.; Haddonfield, N.J.; Westbury, N.Y.; West Springfield, Mass.

God Bless Our Bonk, by Max N. Benoff, a pre-Broadway trial run, with Anna Sothern handing out bank loans to rejected applicants. Ezra Stone directing. Detroit; Falmouth, Mass.; Laconia, N.H.; Ivoryton, Conn.; Johnson City, N.Y.

The Indoor Sport, by Jack Perry, another Broadway hopeful, about a foreign correspondent whose wife resents his absences. Darren McGavin and Shari Lewis star. Mineola, N.Y. (two weeks); Millburn, N.J.; Paramus, N.J.

A couple of notable single-bookings tryouts:

Time of Hope, by Arthur and Violet Ketels, the premiere of a new play based on the novel by C.P. Snow, starring Donald Madden and Lois Smith. Playhouse in the Park, Philadelphia; June 24-29.

The Absence of a Cello, by Ira Wolfach, from his humorous novel about a scientist who tries to survive corporate life, starring Fred Clark. Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa.; June 24-July 6.

CINEMA

Cleopatra. Every dollar of the \$40 million spent on this epic-to-end-all-epics is dazzlingly apparent in the tons of gold leaf, typhoons of pink smoke, and wilderness of bosoms that assault the beholder. But the world's most expensive star, Elizabeth Taylor, plays Cleo as if she were doing a fancy-dress dream sequence from *Butterfield 8*. Richard Burton is all too realistic as Antony—the man who sold himself down the Nile for a sex symbol.

Irma La Douce. Though Director Billy Wilder has dropped the songs and dances of the Broadway version, *Apartment-Dwellers* Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon frolic through a *poule-and-pimp* relationship that makes streetwalking seem as harmless as good outdoor exercise.

Doctor No. This Ian Fleming thriller presents Secret Agent James Bond (Sean Connery) in all his martini-and-mayhem splendor. Maybe a bit too splendid to be true.

Hud. Paul Newman, Patricia Neal, Melvyn Douglas and Brandon de Wilde star in the most brazenly honest picture to be made in the U.S. this season. If the question "Why Hud?" is never answered, the question "Why Hollywood?" gets a rousing and affirmative reply.

The L-Shaped Room. Leslie Caron comes of age as an unwed mother caught in a tender romance she never bargained for. The dialogue is pungent, the situation grimly realistic, and the whole film is poignantly believable.

55 Days at Peking. Samuel Bronston's Chinese history is part Grauman, part Graustark in this Fu Manchu version of



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Right now, Air France has non-stop jets in flight 7 days a week between the U.S.A. and Paris! Imagine! You can go when you want to, return when you want to. Step aboard your giant 707 Jet. You're in France! Attentive stewards and hostesses (they speak English with a delightful Gallic touch). Exquisite food, prepared by French master chefs in Air France's own kitchens. Deep, comfortable seats. Relax. Seven enjoyable hours later you're in Paris. Perfect place to start a vacation—or spend a vacation! And here's the incredible fact: There are no lower jet fares on any other airline! Non-stop jets from Chicago and New York to Paris. Everything you want from an airline—departures, superb service and cuisine, economy—all from Air France!

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the Boxer Rebellion. Ava Gardner is a mysterious Russian noblewoman, Charlton Heston a noble American marine, and David Niven a stiff-upper-mustache diplomat, all caught in the Tartar fireworks.

BOOKS Best Reading

The Contrary Experience, by Herbert Read. A singular Englishman with a gift for plural and paradoxical living—he has been both a pacifist and a decorated soldier, an anarchist and a successful bureaucrat—British Critic Read tells the rich and readable story of his lives.

The Coin of Carthage, by Bryher. The Punic Wars, seen not so much on the battlefronts as in the backwaters of living and in the private hopes and problems of small people.

A Mitchell Palmer: *Politician*, by Stanley Coben. A cool reappraisal of the great Red scare in the U.S. after World War I and the accompanying heat wave of deportations and hasty arrests directed by a politically ambitious Attorney General.

Elizabeth Appleton, by John O'Hara. Transplanting a Southampton belle to the groves of Academe, America's poet laureate of provincial mores appraises small-town college life for the first time and proves that even the simplest marriage is really complicated.

The Gift, by Vladimir Nabokov. A magician of language ruminates on the tarnished memories of Russian émigré life in Berlin and comes up with a delightful comic fantasy—and a symbolic assault on philistinism in Russian culture.

The Stories of William Sansom. Field trips into a story spinner's weird world of gentle stranglers and murderous loves, beasts who think like men and men who dream themselves into beasts.

The Shoes of the Fisherman, by Morris West. In a powerful novel, a Roman Catholic writer explores man's spiritual hope of heaven and material faith in earthly progress—framed by a dialogue between a Pope and a Soviet leader.

Best Sellers FICTION

1. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (3, last week)
2. *The Glass-Blowers*, Du Maurier (2)
3. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (1)
4. *Grandmother and the Priests*, Caldwell (5)
5. *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters* and Seymour An Introduction, Salinger (4)
6. *Elizabeth Appleton*, O'Hara (7)
7. *The Sand Pebbles*, McKenna (7)
8. *City of Night*, Rechy (9)
9. *The Bedford Incident*, Rascovich (10)
10. *The Tin Drum*, Grass

NONFICTION

1. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, Hopper (1)
2. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (3)
3. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (7)
4. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (2)
5. *You Are Not the Target*, Huxley (6)
6. *The Great Hunger*, Woodham-Smith (9)
7. *The Living Sea*, Cousteau (6)
8. *Final Verdict*, St. Johns (10)
9. *The Feminine Mystique*, Friedan (9)
10. *The Ordeal of Power*, Hughes (8)



sports... . . . sedan

Paint a stripe along its top; a number on its side... and you're ready to compete.

Pack it full with Mom, kids, pets, lunch and you're on your way to a picnic. That's the joy of owning the new MG Sports Sedan. It's the amazing combination of racing potential and sedan comfort at a price so low (\$1898*) that you owe it to yourself to give it a trial run.

Make no mistake about it, this MG is a sports car... designed and built in true British sports car tradition... packed under its hood, a sports car power plant—the world's number 1 competitive engine... . . . an engine that sets crosswise instead of lengthwise. This simple maneuver finds 80% of the car's length devoted to luggage and passengers, 5 passengers. Even long-legged riders will find the back seat as big as a bathtub... .

... while up front, sports car enthusiasts sit snugly in two buckets... Dual carburetion... 4-speed stick shift... Crunchproof synchromesh gear box... Speeds in excess of 80 mph, the guts and spirit of a true MG. But Mom likes this MG because it's a tiny marvel in big city traffic. It parks in a pocket, stretches budgets (24 to 30 mpg). It goes shopping, visits Grandma, hurries to the station, hushes to church and sits comfortably at a drive-in movie. But on the road, when you're all by yourself—it's an MG. Flattens hills, corners like a cat. Sports car disc & drum combination brakes for safer, surer stops. Revolutionary fluid suspension system (no springs, no shock-absorbers) for a creamy smooth ride. Front wheel drive... the engine pulls instead of pushes... . . . incredible stability (especially on slippery roads).

The MG Sports Sedan—a car that anyone can drive with enjoyment, comfort and confidence. A little giant, bigger on the inside than it appears on the outside.

Put a racing stripe on its top... . . . or a picnic basket in its back. You have at your command an obedient servant, a sporting spirit—an elegant rascal. And even sports car drivers wave... .



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LETTERS

In Black & White

Sir:

On the cover of your June 21 issue you show a very good picture of just how the Government is run. The only thing that was left out was the marbles the two in the background are playing with.

JOSEPH A. CHARLEBOIS

New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

It's wonderful to see that we have men like Governors Barnett, Faubus and Wallace who are not willing to lose what freedom there is left. The American people are so stupid. They are being sold down the river to buy a few lousy votes for some greedy and vote-hungry office seekers.

JAMES KILLEEN

Gallup, N. Mex.

Sir:

If our Government gives in to the Negro pressure group, 15 years from now my children may be resorting to the same tactics of staging sitdown strikes, launching economic boycotts, and browbeating politicians with threats of violence because of inequality of opportunity for whites.

PAUL FORREST

Lakewood, N.J.

Sir:

Perhaps you can appreciate the resulting confusion in the minds of many Africans upon their consideration of a nation of people that will allow such violations of human dignity and conscience as Birmingham and at the same time enthusiastically support such a program as the Peace Corps, which has sent thousands like myself throughout the world in the name of freedom, justice, and a deep respect for human rights. An African said to me this week in all sincerity, "What is all this nonsense about your country being the land of the free and home of the brave? America acts as if it were a land free only to whites, and the Negro must be brave to live there." I am inclined to agree with him. It certainly appears that way from this side of the world.

JO ANN CANNON
Peace Corps Volunteer

Mlanje, Nyasaland

Sir:

Each night the American Negro should sink to his knees and thank God he is "nonwhite."

The death of Medgar Evers bears down on the consciences of so-called whites throughout the world.

BRUCE CHRISTIE

Werribee, Australia

Sir:

The civil rights dilemma seems to cause people to look for someone to blame. The Negro blames the white. The Northern white blames the Southern white. The Southern white blames the Negro. Then everyone blames the President and his Administration. To me, this is not only useless but ridiculous. If we must blame any President, let us blame George Washington, and go right on down the list. If we must blame anyone, let us blame ourselves. It is our fault.

LINDA LOMBARDO

Linden, N.J.

The Candidate's Wife

Sir:

Thank you for "This President Thing" [June 14]. Today's voter places considerable importance on the candidate's wife. Don't you think your readers would enjoy a picture of Mrs. Goldwater?

RAYMOND E. KING

Hesston, Kans.



► Yes.—Ed.

A Love Problem

Sir:

In regard to Rockefeller's eligibility for the Republican nomination for the presidency next year [June 14]: students of New American history will remember that New York's Governor Cleveland also had love problems; he admitted them and was elected in 1884.

PETER D. COE

Boston

► Ten days after Grover Cleveland was nominated for the presidency in 1884, the Buffalo Telegraph revealed in a lead arti-

cle, headlined "A Terrible Tale," that Cleveland was the father of the nine-year-old son of Maria Crofts Halpin, a widow. Cleveland did not deny it.—Ed.

Distinguished Service

Sir:

With all your excellent coverage of the Keefer-Profumo extravaganza [June 14], how could your reporters possibly have missed getting her vital statistics? Deplorable!

LEONARD BUTCHER

Seattle

► Not so deplorable: 36-24-36, tidily arranged at 5 ft. 6 in.—Ed.

The General's Diplomacy

Sir:

I appreciate your excellent coverage [June 7] of the support U.S. forces are giving the republic of Viet Nam in its struggle against the Viet Cong insurgents. However, despite my high regard for the capability of the UH-1B helicopters and the crews who fly them, I have never stated that they are the most essential unit in my command. This is a team effort, and every component of that team is considered equally essential. Our advisory personnel include members of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines, all of whom are doing an outstanding job and deserve equal praise for such efforts.

I am also concerned about your statement that fixed-wing fighter bombers sometimes drop napalm on innocent civilians. These aircraft are flown by pilots of the Vietnamese air force being trained and advised by U.S. Air Force personnel. Both are just as concerned about safety of noncombatants as our U.S. Huey pilots. Investigations have failed to substantiate such reports, although obviously the Communist Viet Cong would like to perpetuate this canard.

PAUL D. HARKINS
General, U.S.A.

Military Assistance Command
Viet Nam

► TIME appreciates General Harkins' diplomatic problems, applauds his confidence in his team, also has confidence in its own team of correspondents.—Ed.

The Richest

Sir:

You mention [May 31] that the University of Chicago is the fourth richest endowed school in the country. I would like to know which three schools now have richer endowments.

LEWIS E. GUTHMAN

Chevy Chase, Md.

► Harvard with more than \$727 million; Yale, \$398 million; the University of Texas, almost \$397 million.—Ed.

Education in Montana

Sir:

During the four-year period that I have served as president of this institution [June 7], Montana Power Co. officials have been most helpful in promoting the welfare of the university. In providing moral as well as financial support, they consistently have made clear their desire to help improve the university and its service to the state in every possible way without in any sense attempting to affect policy or practice on or off the campus. J. E. Corbett realizes, as much as any man in the state, the importance of higher education

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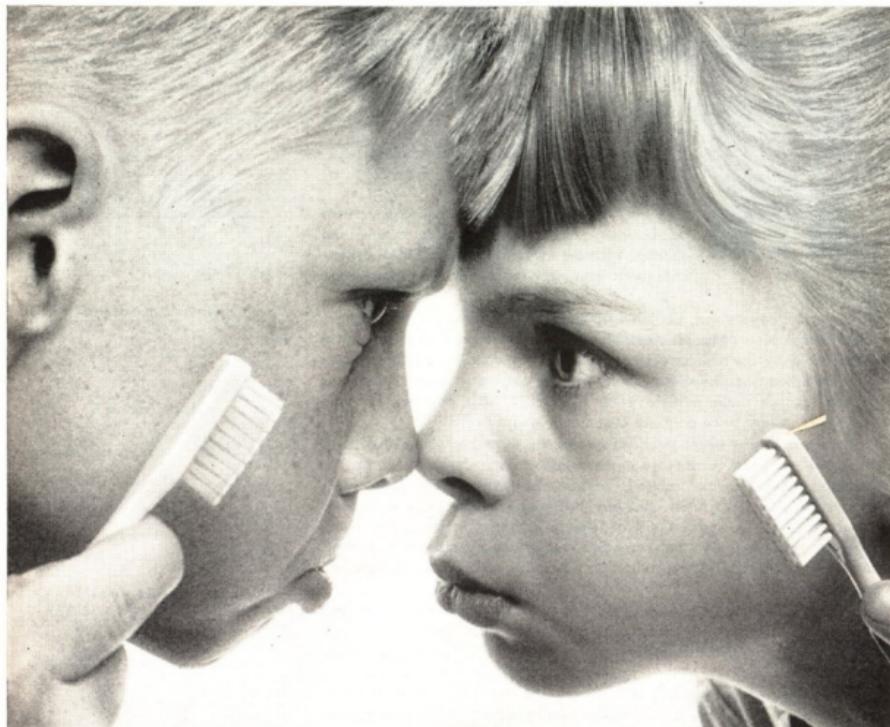
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formula achieved the same low number of new cavities.

Now you can be a one-toothpaste family. You're confident that Colgate—world's best-selling, best-tasting toothpaste—is a confirmed leader in reducing new cavities. More than ever, you're confident with Colgate.

The makers of Colgate Dental Cream agree with leading dental authorities that no toothpaste is a substitute for regular care by your

dentist. Follow his advice on diet, and how and when to brush.

Colgate is a leader in reducing new cavities, and helps stop bad breath—stops mouth odor instantly for most people. It's just got to be the best toothpaste you can buy.

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*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963

Colgate a leader in reducing new cavities

Rockwell Report



by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.
President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

ONE OF THE TRULY unsung heroes in American business today in our opinion is the man charged with the awesome responsibility of buying goods and services for his company—the purchasing agent.

Not too many years ago, his job was simply to buy an adequate product at the lowest possible price. He was disliked by most salesmen, and frequently only tolerated by his own associates. Often he was the kind of man John Ruskin described when he said, "There is hardly anything in this world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper, and the people who consider price only are this man's lawful prey."

Today's purchasing agent must be one of the most knowledgeable managers in his company. Unless he understands enough design, engineering, production, marketing and related functions in sufficient detail, he can't possibly do his job. We insist that our purchasing people be brought into the picture in the earliest stages of design, engineering and production. Frequently they are able to make creative suggestions and studies that result in improved products, faster production schedules, even better design and appearance.

Realistically, the hard necessities of price considerations will probably always come first. But more and more, companies are realizing that creative purchasing practices can result in more than just saving money. They can make money as well.

As one of our people pointed out recently, our own success in business might well be less if it were not for modern day purchasing practices among our customers. Our prices are very seldom the lowest in any product category. Sometimes, they're among the highest. Fortunately for the most part, we deal with purchasing agents who subscribe to something else John Ruskin said: "It is unwise to pay too much, but worse to pay too little . . .".

* * *

Our research engineers have come up with a new first, the successful application of the advantages of electronic speed control to a portable power tool. Incorporated in a new-design industrial band saw, the control permits the operator to select any speed between 80 and 250 surface feet per minute, thus allowing cutting speed to be matched to requirements of any given job.

* * *

Perhaps it is pushing our luck to hope our products will stand up to any eventuality, be it just hard service or major catastrophe. Even so, our eyes were opened recently after a fire at a midwest pumping station in which the flames reached a height of 3000 feet. There were 27 Rockwell valves in the station at the time. All 27 have been restored to their original working order.

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh 8, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

to our society, and this understanding is reflected in his private as well as his corporate activities.

H. K. NEWBURN
President

Montana State University
Missoula, Mont.

What's Fit to Print

Sir:

I must say a few words on the hypocrisy that has led to the conviction of Ralph Ginzburg [June 21]. The chief criticism of *Eros*, from its inception, was that most of its material could be found and viewed and read in the public library and public museum. Why then so much fuss?

DAVID PASCAL WRAY

New York City

Sir:

Not long before Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* Club opened, I received a telephone call from his secretary, asking me to translate a sentence into Latin for him. When she revealed his desire to emulate Horace and rear a lasting monument by putting on his door "If you don't swing, don't ring" in deathless Latin chased in metal, I explained in vain the impossibility of translating slang. So I came up with *Si non oscillas noli tintinnare* and forgot about it.

I take a wry satisfaction in having got into *TIME*'s columns by the back door, so to speak, via a bit of dog Latin and H.H.'s coattails!

GLENNYS HEINER*

Chicago

Sir:

Unless the President puts a stop to Postmaster General Day's great smut hunt, the New Frontier may become known as "the New Inquisition."

RALPH GINZBURG
Editor & Publisher

Eros

New York City

Back to the Farm

Sir:

Let's stop kidding the troops with these letters from readers re the previous week's covers. You're good and you do some remarkable things, but you do not control the mail delivery. I received *TIME*, June 21, with Bobby Kennedy on the cover June 19. I'll bet you a blackland farm that you cannot get this letter in next week's issue [June 28].

WINSTON M. ESTES
Lieutenant Colonel, U.S.A.F.

Maxwell A.F.B., Ala.

► How many acres?—ED.

* An editor of Latin textbooks.

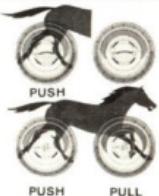
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THE NATION

THE SUPREME COURT

A Loss to Make Up For

Last year, when the U.S. Supreme Court handed down a decision barring the recitation of an official prayer, written by a state board, in New York's public schools, the hue and cry was deafening.

Last week, when the Supreme Court issued a far broader ban on religious observances in schools, the reaction was relatively mild. For one thing the court, apparently flabbergasted by the protests against its 1962 decision, had learned a bit about public relations.

Before the court last week were two separate but related cases:

► In Pennsylvania, a state law required that "at least ten verses from the Holy Bible shall be read, without comment, at the opening of each public school on each school day." Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Schenck, churchgoing Unitarians and at the time the parents of two high school pupils, sued in 1958 to block enforcement of that law.

public life violates the establishment clause." He went on to argue that the decision did not apply to chaplains in the armed services, prayers in legislative bodies, tax exemptions for religious institutions, religious mottoes on currency or the "under God" in the Pledge of Allegiance. Wrote Justice Arthur Goldberg: "Neither the state nor this court can or should ignore the significance of the fact that a vast portion of our people believe in and worship God, and that many of our legal, political and personal values derive historically from religious teachings."

The Reaction. Despite such reassurances, there were inevitable protests. From Rome, three of the U.S.'s five

their classrooms. That raised a fascinating point: last week's decision presented an opportunity for Southern states, angered at decisions in racial cases, to thumb their noses at the Supreme Court with little fear of effective reprisal. After all, no federal authority is likely to call out the troops to take the Bible out of a teacher's hand or order children to unclasp theirs.

In any event, the impact of last week's decision was nothing compared to that of 1962. Quite clearly, one reason was the Supreme Court's much more careful disclaimers. But just as clearly, in the interim between 1962 and last week, there had been some meditating on the subject. The top policy-

RACES

The President's Package

After weeks of hemming, hawing, consulting and promising, President Kennedy last week sent to Capitol Hill a package of civil rights legislation. He did so under the pressures of the Negro revolution that was bursting out all over. But once he moved, he moved hard.

Kennedy's civil rights proposals were the broadest presented by any 20th-century President. And he completely committed himself to fight for them. Said he in his message: "The time has come for the Congress of the United States to join with the executive and judicial branches in making it clear to all that race has no place in American life or law . . . I am proposing that the Congress stay in session this year until it has enacted—preferably as a single omnibus bill—the most responsible, reasonable and urgently needed solutions which should be acceptable to all fair-minded men."

Kennedy's major proposals:
► A law guaranteeing equal right of access and accommodation in lodging places, theaters, sports arenas, retail stores, restaurants, lunch counters, etc., that meet any of four conditions: 1) that the establishment's goods or services are available "to a substantial degree to interstate travelers" (just what was meant by "substantial" was not specified); 2) that a "substantial" portion of its goods move in interstate commerce; 3) that its activities or operations otherwise "substantially affect interstate travel or the interstate movement of goods in commerce"; 4) that it is an "integral part" of an establishment covered by the bill—as, for example, a local concession within a national chain store—meeting any of Conditions 1, 2 and 3.

► Congressional authorization for the Attorney General to initiate school desegregation suits whenever requested to do so by someone who feels himself—whether through financial, political, social or other pressures—unable to sue on his own behalf. In 1957 President Eisenhower asked such powers for his Attorney General and was turned down by a Democratic Senate.

► Permanent, statutory authority for the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity. Under both Eisenhower and Kennedy, the presidential committee, chaired by Vice Presidents Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson, has worked to end racial discrimination in federal employment and among Government contractors. Yet it has been only mildly successful. Given the power of canceling Government contracts to enforce compliance during the Kennedy Administration, it has never used that major weapon. The new request would add congressional approval to what has already been decreed by executive order.

► Establishment of a national Community Relations Service to work for



MRS. MURRAY IN FRONT OF SUPREME COURT BUILDING*

So few changed the way for so many.

Roman Catholic cardinals spoke out against the ruling. New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman thought it would "do great harm to our country." Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing called it "a great tragedy." Los Angeles' James Francis Cardinal McIntyre said that "our American heritage of philosophy, of religion and of freedom is being abandoned."

Among Protestants, Evangelist Billy Graham pronounced himself "shocked" by the decision. "I don't believe that a small minority should rule the majority of the people," Said California's Protestant Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike: "The result of the decision is not neutrality but an imposition upon the public school system of a particular perspective on reality, namely, secularism by default, which is as much an 'ism' as any other."

On the political front, Delaware's Republican Senator John Williams called the decision "disastrous." South Carolina's Democratic Congressman Robert Ashmore labeled it "unreasonable and wild-eyed." The state superintendent of education announced that South Carolina "will continue to feel free" to let teachers hold devotional exercises in

making board of the National Council of Churches may have expressed it best when, anticipating the Supreme Court decision a few days before it was handed down, it said: "Neither true religion nor good education is dependent upon the devotional use of the Bible in the public school program." The board argued that religious teaching really belongs in the homes and the churches, not the public schools.

Some clergymen who felt that the court's decision was unassailable on strict constitutional grounds were nonetheless disturbed by it as a long step toward secularization of U.S. life. Devotional exercises in public schools, though often perfunctory, have helped to bring religion into children's lives, and perhaps helped some youngsters to grow up into more moral adults than they otherwise would have become. Many religious Americans, while accepting the court's decision as law, regarded it as a loss to religion, to morality and to the children—a loss that parents and churches must strive to make up.

* With Son Garth, 8, and her mother (center), Mrs. Bonita Mays.

"cooperation and communication between the races." Such a service, said Kennedy, is "no substitute for other measures; and it cannot guarantee success. But dialogue and discussion are always better than violence."

► Expenditure of an extra \$400 million for federal aid in job training and basic adult education. Here Kennedy struck at a real root of the Negro dilemma—and the revolution it has spawned. Wrote he: "A distressing number of unemployed Negroes are illiterate and unskilled, refugees from farm automation, unable to do simple computations or even to read a help-wanted advertisement . . . If we are ever to lift them from the morass of social and economic degradation, it will be through the strengthening of our education and training services."

► Passage of a provision "making it clear that the Federal Government is not required, under any statute, to furnish any kind of financial assistance to any program or activity in which racial discrimination occurs." The decision about when and whether to cut off federal funds would be left to the discretion of the President.

In the racially explosive climate of 1963, there seems a strong likelihood that Congress will approve the President's program—in part. Almost certainly doomed is the provision to outlaw discrimination in public accommodations under the U.S. Constitution's interstate commerce clause (with the 14th Amendment tossed in, at the last moment, for good measure). Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, even while agreeing to co-sponsor the rest of the package, flatly refused to back the public-accommodations provision. So did Arizona's Republican Senator Barry Goldwater, who generally approved of the President's proposals.

Leave Her Alone. What worried many Congressmen was the possibility that the provision, in the name of civil rights, might be used to override rights of private property. Vermont's moderate Republican Senator George Aiken expressed it most aptly when he told the President: "I'll go along with you on the Waldorf, but I want you to leave Mrs. Murphy alone." Why, Aiken wanted to know, cannot discrimination be banned in the big places without undermining the right of "Mrs. Murphy" to run her own little boardinghouse in her own private way? Under what swiftly became known as the "Mrs. Murphy formula," legislators began talking about the possibility of exempting from the law all facilities with a gross annual revenue of less than \$150,000. But even the Mrs. Murphy formula seems unsatisfactory after close examination; it would, after all, subject the right of

* Aiken was talking about all modest business proprietors, had no particular Mrs. Murphy in mind. Indeed, near his own home town of Putney, the rooming-house operator most closely meeting his definition is a Mrs. Carl Underwood, 78, whose \$5-a-night place can lodge 18 at a time.

private property to the dubious test of bigness.

Also under attack was the President's proposal that he be given discretionary authority to cut off federal funds to any program or project deemed discriminatory. Even the New York Times, which ordinarily supports civil rights propositions of any sort, objected: "The cutting-off of funds for a particular program will deprive all citizens affected (Negro and white) of urgently needed services, thus accentuating the economic deprivation that is a basic cause of racial discrimination. Furthermore, the presence of bias in some states remains so widespread that the end result might be just what the President says it should

—but only if it tailors its bill to meet Republican objections.

Even then, the civil rights legislation faces vast hazards—and, ironically, Negroes themselves may turn the tide in a way that they least desire. Last week, for example, Harlem's Democratic Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. made a West Coast speech touting the Administration proposals, boasted (falsely) that he had authored at least half the package himself. Since Powell is the most unpopular person on Capitol Hill, his claim may lose votes for his cause. Beyond that, the leaders of several civil rights organizations have recently urged a massive Negro march on Capitol Hill to demand passage of the

HANSON CARROLL



MRS. UNDERWOOD & HER ROOMING HOUSE
The big may undermine the little.

not be: withdrawal of all federal aid and the virtual exclusion of the offending state from the Union. That is unacceptable." For that matter, President Kennedy himself, as recently as last April, summarily rejected a U.S. Civil Rights Commission recommendation that he "explore" cutting off federal funds for Mississippi until that state improves its deplorable civil rights record.

G.O.P. Is Key. With the possible exception of the public-accommodation and the federal-funds clauses, the Kennedy package would almost surely be overwhelmingly approved today by both branches of Congress. But the Senate, at least, may never get a chance to vote on the merits of Kennedy's bill. Southerners are certain to filibuster, and the Senate has never yet imposed cloture against a civil rights talkathon.* For the two-thirds (67 members) vote required for cloture, the Administration will need support this time from at least 20 Republicans. It may well get that support

* Last August, however, cloture was invoked against a handful of liberal Democratic Senators filibustering against an Administration bill to establish a communications satellite corporation owned partly by private interests.

President's legislation. It is unanimously agreed by legislators of all political stripes that any such pressuring attempt might mean the death of the whole package.

Strife & Strides

Throughout the U.S., the civil rights strife continued—and here and there some forward strides were made. A city-by-city summary:

SAVANNAH, GA. Some 1,000 Negro demonstrators rallied in front of a segregated Holiday Inn motel to chant their demands for equality. Then they moved toward the city jail, where dozens of others, arrested during three weeks of previous demonstrations, were already locked up. City police, reinforced by Georgia state troopers, moved in to break up the march. Pelted with bottles and bricks, the cops retaliated with billy clubs and tear gas, arrested about 275 more Negroes.

GADSDEN, ALA. Flailing away with night sticks and jabbing with electric cattle prods, some 50 Alabama state troopers drove more than 300 Negro demonstrators from the lawn of Etowah County Courthouse. The Negroes had gathered to protest the arrest of 396

THE BIG FIVE IN CIVIL RIGHTS

HOWEVER spontaneous it may seem, the Negro revolution is guided by five civil organizations. Sometimes they work together, but the alliance is uneasy. They employ different strategy and tactics. And as the revolution gathers impetus, there is increasing rivalry—not only for recognized leadership but for the financial backing that it brings. The five top organizations, excluding the Black Muslims, who are not interested in civil rights:

THE N.A.A.C.P.: In the Courts

Founded in 1909, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has become the nation's biggest (400,000 members in 1,200 chapters), best-known civil rights organization. For years it fought the Negro's battles in the courts, achieved its greatest triumph in 1954 after its special counsel, Thurgood Marshall, now a federal appellate judge, successfully argued for the Supreme Court's historic school desegregation decision.

But to Negroes nowadays court action seems not nearly enough, and the N.A.A.C.P. is feeling the pressure. Last week able Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins complained publicly: "The other organizations furnish the noise and get the publicity while the N.A.A.C.P. furnishes the manpower and pays the bills. A good many things have not been made known to our membership. They have come to believe that we are standing on the sidelines working up legal cases while everybody else is participating in nonviolent direct action. We don't like to have people talking about us as if we were old and sitting in the corner knitting." As if to give weight to his words, Wilkins recently went to Jackson, Miss., deliberately got himself arrested as a civil rights demonstrator.

THE NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE: In the Community

The Urban League's executive director, Whitney Young Jr., is unwilling to follow Wilkins' example. "I do not see," he says, "why I should have to go to jail to prove my leadership." Founded in 1910 and mainly supported by white philanthropic funds (notably including the Rockefeller), the Urban League stresses community action, including job training and social welfare programs. The most "professional" of the organizations, the league, with its fulltime, salaried staffers, furnishes research and planning guidance to almost all the other groups.

With chapters in 65 cities, the Urban League seeks civil rights progress through biracial consultation and cooperation. For that reason it is sometimes accused of Uncle Tomism—but smart, tough Director Young, 42, is certainly no Uncle Tom. Educated at Kentucky State College, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of Minnesota, he was dean of the Atlanta University School of Social Work when selected for his Urban League post. As soon as he assumed Urban League leadership, he stepped up the organization's pace. A veteran staffer protested: "We don't work this fast." Replied Young: "From now on, we will. We've got to, or we'll be left behind."

Young argues that the U.S. Negro, having suffered centuries of injustice, requires not mere equality, but a

limited period of special treatment, to enable him to accept his legal rights. He wants a massive, domestic Marshall Plan, with emphasis on slum clearance and job training. Still, Young refuses to let the Urban League name be used in the activist demonstrations going on across the nation. Says he: "You can holler, protest, march, picket, demonstrate; but somebody must be able to sit in on the strategy conferences and plot a course. There must be the strategists, the researchers and the professionals to carry out a program. That's our role."

CORE: On the Road

The Congress of Racial Equality makes claim to inventing the sit-in and the Freedom Ride. Formed in 1942, it first tried the sit-in technique that year on a Chicago restaurateur named Jack Spratt. Says CORE's National Director James Farmer, 43: "The N.A.A.C.P. is the Justice Department, the Urban League is the State Department, and we are the nonviolent Marines."

Farmer, a World War II conscientious objector, describes himself as a disciple of Gandhi. Says he: "It's going to be a long, hot summer. These spontaneous demonstrations are going to be a problem. Our job is to channelize them constructively. I feel very strongly for nonviolence." Yet for one reason or another, violence often accompanies CORE's demonstrations.

S.C.L.C.: In One Man's Image

The Southern Christian Leadership Council owes its existence almost entirely to the inspirational qualities of its founder: the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. King started S.C.L.C. to give him organizational backing after his successful Montgomery bus boycott in 1956. But for quite a while, King suffered an eclipse—and S.C.L.C. seemed almost ready to go out of business.

King came back this past April, when he organized civil rights demonstrations in Birmingham. Since then, S.C.L.C. has been just about the hottest organization in the civil rights field—much to the discomfiture of other groups. "King," complains the leader of one, "is getting all the money." Yet as an organization, S.C.L.C. would probably fold tomorrow were King to leave it.

S.N.C.C.: On the Streets

The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (dubbed "SNICK") was formed in 1960 at a Raleigh meeting of Southern Negro college students. That meeting was called by none other than Martin Luther King—but King was unwilling to move fast enough to satisfy the youngsters. Brash, reckless and disorganized, SNICK is headed by a 35-year-old Chicagoan named James Farmer. With its shock troops heading into Southern towns to start segregation protests and voter-registration drives, SNICK counts success in terms of bloodied noses, beatings at the hands of cops, and days spent by its members in jail. The bigger, better-organized civil rights organizations shudder at SNICK's bottail operations. "They don't consult anybody." But for raw courage and persistence, SNICK wins grudging admiration even from its rivals.

WILKINS



YOUNG



FARMER



KING



FORMAN



demonstrators during a freedom march on segregated downtown stores the day before. Later a shotgun blast slammed into a state patrol car as it cruised a Negro section of the city. The troopers inside were not injured.

CAMBRIDGE, MD. National Guardsmen with fixed bayonets patrolled the streets to enforce martial law. A 10 p.m. curfew was imposed on all Cambridge citizens. The militiamen were ordered into Cambridge by Maryland's Governor J. Millard Tawes after Negro demonstrations threatened to break into open warfare between the races. During a temporary truce, Negro leaders negotiated with white city councilmen for the anti-segregation ordinances they have demanded.

BOSTON. More than 8,000 high school students, both Negro and white, skipped classes after Negro leaders urged a student "stay out for freedom" protest against *de facto* segregation in Boston schools. Some 1,000 students turned up at churches and civic centers for one-day sessions in Negro history, basic government and civil rights.

ST. LOUIS. About 500 demonstrators paraded in front of board of education headquarters singing hymns and chanting prayers in a peaceful, two-hour protest against *de facto* segregation in St. Louis' heavily Negro neighborhoods.

NEW YORK CITY. Violence erupted at African Nationalist street meetings in the heart of Manhattan's Harlem. More than 100 police battled the rioters with night sticks. Two cops were hospitalized and 26 rioters jailed.

CHARLESTON, S.C. Police arrested 39 adults and 19 juveniles for trespassing as they sought entrance to all-white movie theaters during week-long demonstrations.

ATLANTA. A 15-year-old Negro boy, taking part in a restaurant sit-in, was stabbed by a white customer. All week, Negroes and whites bathed together in newly integrated swimming pools.

TUSCALOOSA, ALA. The University of Alabama board of trustees filed notice that it would ask the Circuit Court of Appeals for permission to oust newly admitted Negro Students Vivian Malone and James Hood. Meanwhile the two proceeded quietly about their studies, and the U.S. Army announced that it will release 3,100 members of the Alabama National Guard from active duty, leaving only 300 federalized guardsmen at the university.

RALEIGH, N.C. A biracial committee announced that Raleigh is finally desegregated "on a citywide basis."

WINSTON-SALEM, N.C. A biracial committee announced that 42 eating places have desegregated.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. The city school board voted to extend desegregation to the first and fourth grades this fall, and assigned nine Negroes to formerly all-white schools. The action completes Little Rock's court-approved desegregation plan a year earlier than had been required, or expected.

RICHMOND. Thirty-five of the city's better restaurants desegregated.



ATLANTA'S INTEGRATED POOL
For others the water was rougher.

GREENWOOD, MISS. FBI agents arrested Byron de la Beckwith, 42, member of a white segregationist Mississippi Citizens Council, in connection with Medgar Evers' ambush slaying (TIME, June 21). J. Edgar Hoover said that the "Golden Hawk" telescope similar to that on the assassin's rifle had been traced to Beckwith, whose fingerprints checked with those on the murder weapon.

FOREIGN AID

The Bokaro Issue

Capitol Hill tempers heat up rapidly when U.S. foreign aid comes under discussion. And no proposal is likely to generate more warmth than the one to help India build a government-operated steel plant in the town of Bokaro, north of Calcutta.

India already gets the largest single slice of U.S. aid—\$775,100,000 in 1962 v. \$403,900,000 for second-place Pakistan—and Nehru's socialist government has not been notably grateful. The Bokaro plan calls for a \$512 million first loan and another \$379 million later; if granted, it would become the biggest single U.S. foreign aid project ever undertaken anywhere.

President Kennedy supports the plan. So, obviously, does his foreign aid administrator, David E. Bell, although he is not yet quite willing to come right out and say so. Last week Bell appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to testify about the Bokaro project—and he bumped into a buzz saw in Ohio Democrat Frank Lausche.

Grave Doubts. Lausche began by reading to Bell a passage from the overall foreign aid report submitted last March by a presidential advisory committee chaired by Retired General Lucius D. Clay. Plainly referring to the Bokaro project, the Clay committee wrote: "We believe that the U.S. should not aid a foreign government in projects establishing government-owned industrial and commercial enterprises

which compete with existing private endeavors . . . Moreover, the observation of countless instances of politically operated, heavily subsidized and carefully protected inefficient state enterprises in less developed countries makes us gravely doubt the value of such undertakings."

Bell's answer began carefully. He noted that final Administration approval of the Bokaro plant was still pending. Said he: "I don't want to prejudge a question which will not come to me for some months. We believe in an economic system that has private as well as public capital invested in productive . . ."

Lausche broke in. "Oh well," he said. "I will not insist on an answer. You put your rules in such flexible language that they cover anything, including giving aid to Communist or socialist governments around the world." Without waiting, Lausche stalked out.

Bell continued with his explanation. A strong India, he said, is certainly in the U.S.'s best interests. To become strong, India must build its industrial potential, and the Bokaro plant is vital to this aim. Bell insisted that Indian government officials and private citizens are almost unanimous in their belief that the Bokaro plant should be government-operated. He had, he said, recently talked to J.R.D. Tata, head of one of India's two private steel mills. Tata told him that private capital was simply not available, either in India or abroad, for investment in the plant.

The Sick Child. Bell made a persuasive case for Bokaro—but the plan remains a difficult pill for Capitol Hill to swallow. Of India's three existing government steel mills, one was built by Great Britain, one by the Soviet Union, and one by West Germany. At all three, construction costs far outran estimates. At the Soviet mill, production costs have been higher than in the private plants. And the West German mill was, until recently, so plagued by mechanical difficulties and labor troubles that it was dubbed "the sick child" of Indian in-



U.S. DESTROYER CECIL & SOVIET SUBMARINE
He was a smart cookie, but not smart enough.

dustry. It was with this record in mind that the Clay committee concluded that underdeveloped countries have no right to ask "aid to enterprises which only increase their costs of government and the foreign assistance burden they are asking us to carry."

ARMED FORCES

Sighted Sub, Surfaced Same

The warm Caribbean night was electric with tension as the destroyer sliced at flank speed through the quarantine zone east-northeast of Cuba. Just a few moments before—an hour after sunset on last Oct. 29—a blue-green blip had appeared on the radar screen of the U.S.S. *Charles P. Cecil*. Almost immediately, the blip began to fade. To Commander Charles P. Rozier, 42, the *Cecil's* skipper, that meant a diving submarine. The loudspeaker barked: "ASW attack team, man your stations."

Crewmen scrambled to torpedo mounts, readied depth charges and "hedgehogs" (rocket-fired bombs thrown ahead of an attacking destroyer). From a small compartment just over the keel, sonarmen sent quick bursts of sound stabbing through the sub's last position—and heard a satisfying "ping" as the sound waves bounced off moving steel. When a relay in the sonar gear failed, a sonarman quickly unscrewed the cabinet facing, triggered the set by hand until it was repaired.

Then began a game of seagoing hide-and-seek that lasted 34 hours. The Russian sub commander was no amateur. At first he tried to duck into the *Cecil's* wake—a boil of water some 70 ft. deep providing a perfect baffle against the ship's sonar. When that failed, he ejected noisy, motor-driven decoys from his hull. He stopped his engines and slid under thermoclines—blanketlike water layers of varying temperature, which cause sonar beams to scatter.

During the long, dogged pursuit, Rozier and his crew grudgingly came to respect the enemy below. Said one sonarman: "He was a smart cookie, all right. He had a whole bagful of tricks

and he tried them all." But Rozier, who spent all but two hours on the bridge, kept his sonic knuckles rapping steadily on the sub's hull.

Finally, just seven minutes before reveille on Oct. 31, the *Cecil's* hydrophones began roaring with the sound of blowing ballast tanks. The loudspeaker crackled: "Russian submarine on surface." Sailors sprang from their bunks, lined the rail clad in skivvies. There in the red dawn, black superstructure glistening, the sub rolled on a gentle swell, the hammer and sickle fluttering atop her sail-shaped conning tower.

Then Destroyerman Rozier administered the final indignity. Up the signal yard ran the two international code flags that spell: "Can we be of assistance?" The Russian made no reply.

Last week at Norfolk, Rozier and six of his crew received the Secretary of the Navy's Commendation Medal. Though some 30 Soviet sub contacts were made during the Cuban crisis, only the *Cecil* brought her quarry to the surface singlehanded.

DEFENSE

The Whizziest Kid

Although inevitably some people will resent the application of dispassionate, cold analysis to something as rich in meaning and tradition as warfare and strategy, there is no sensible alternative in the nuclear age.

So said Dr. Alain C. Enthoven, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Systems Analysis, in a lecture this month to the Naval War College at Newport, R.I. Enthoven (rhymes with *went rovin'*) was certainly right about one thing: when he starts submitting defense policy to his dispassionate, cold analysis, generals explode and admirals shiver their timbers. For of all Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's famed Pentagon whiz kids, Enthoven, at 32, is by far the whizziest.

The Shopping List. What is a whiz kid? Well, by definition he is young and bright. The tools of his Pentagon trade are a piece of chalk, a blackboard on

which to slash equations, and a computing machine. Dispassionate, cold analysis is his business, and Systems Analyst Enthoven has no peer. His analysis of the workings of the Pentagon goes as follows: "I think it can best be described as a continuing dialogue between the policymaker and the systems analyst, in which the policymaker [McNamara] asks for alternative solutions to his problems, while the analyst attempts to clarify the conceptual framework in which the decisions must be made, to define alternative possible objectives and criteria, and to explore in as clear terms as possible (and quantitatively) the cost and effectiveness of alternative courses of action."

In somewhat simpler terms, what Enthoven really does is prepare McNamara's shopping list. He welcomes, indeed he solicits, recommendations about weapons systems from professional military men. But as often as not, those recommendations do not stand up under his own independent analysis: in whiz-kid terminology, professional military "experience" often translates as "emotion." In his analyses, Enthoven considers service missions, examines the weapons systems that might best fit those missions, computes costs v. performance, offers alternative answers to McNamara for final decision.

Cost is of prime consideration when Enthoven strikes items from the Pentagon shopping list. On his recommendation, the Skybolt missile was killed for a gross saving of \$3 billion. However, to replace the missing Skybolts, the U.S. is spending an additional \$1 billion for supplementary Minutemen, so the net saving is \$2 billion. Enthoven's recommendations knocked off an estimated \$10 billion with the B-70, but his 26-man "shop" did not participate in the controversial TFX decision.

On the positive side, Enthoven influenced the expansion of the Air Force's Tactical Air Command. At present, Enthoven is examining the Navy's car-

WALTER SENNITT



DR. ALAIN ENTHOVEN
He tells the military what's right.

rier program to see if all those flattops are really necessary.

The Uphill Fight. How does one get to be a pre-eminent whiz kid? Alain Enthoven was born in Seattle, the son of a French mother and a British father with a Dutch name. He majored in economics at Stanford, went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar and, as a lanky 6-foot 4-incher, rowed No. 4 on the New College crew. As a mathematician and economist he spent four years with California's think factory, the Rand Corp., just pondering military strategy. And then, in 1960, he went to the Pentagon.

When he first got there, he seemed pretty arrogant to a lot of people. He had a disconcerting habit of pausing in the middle of a sentence to ask "O.K.?", as if his listener were mired two ideas behind him. He still does—but the habit has been accepted by those who work with him most closely. "He has improved a lot in tolerance," says one Navy admiral. "Whenever he gets too stuffy, I just look up over my glasses at him and say, 'Yes, Professor,' and he breaks down and laughs."

Enthoven is plenty smart enough to know that the whiz-kid image needs improving, both in and outside the Pentagon. And to that end he has undertaken a missionary project, speaking at every stronghold of the military mind. Last week he opened a four-week systems analysis workshop for Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps officers.

Whatever the result of this effort may be, Enthoven will still stick by his chalk and blackboard. Said he at a Naval War College talk: "We must make defense planning and the selection of weapon systems an intellectual rather than an emotional process. To do so, we must turn our attention to the question of what's right, not who's right." There can be little argument with that—as long as the what's right really is.

PHILANTHROPY

Mr. Flint

A tornado ten years ago swept through Flint, Mich., and tore up the town. Afterward, hundreds of people came from miles around to pitch in and help rebuild. Up walked an old geezer wearing a carpenter's apron and carrying his own hammer and nails. When he tried to climb a ladder to help nail roofing, a foreman shooed him away. The would-be carpenter was furious. "They think I'm too old!" he grumped. "That's all nonsense. I can outwork half these guys, and I'm as handy with a hammer as the next one!" To prove it, he devoted three hand-blistering hours to nailing sheathing onto the back and side of the house.

The man was 78 then. He is 88 today, and still as flinty and nosy and energetic as ever (though he had to give up tennis at 75). His gesture was characteristic of the man they call "Mr. Flint." His real name is Charles Stewart Mott. He is

a multimillionaire philanthropist and the biggest benefactor that Flint—or most any other city—has ever seen.

Much of Mott's good work goes unheralded. His latest took place a month ago, and it was only a routine report put out by the Securities and Exchange Commission last week that broke the news. Mott has made a gift of 1,826,421 shares of General Motors common stock—worth more than \$128 million—to the nonprofit Charles Stewart Mott Foundation, benefactor of the people and institutions of Flint.

Axes & Applewood. When Mott arrived in Flint in 1906, the city already was a boomlet auto town. Mott, who

in an organized way during his own lifetime. Too many "well-intended ideas and plans go astray after a man's death," he said. The foundation has supported everything in town, from the U.S.O. to churches and crippled children. But many times Mott dug into his own pocket for direct aid as well. In 1929, after some bank employees embezzled \$3,600,000, Mott shelled out enough money to save the bank; it cost him more than \$1,000,000 in cold cash. In later years he donated millions of dollars for library buildings, the Flint Junior College, a swimming pool and a school for handicapped children.

Thanks to Mott's foundation, every one of Flint's 47 public schools stays open after regular hours and becomes a community center. In the afternoons, 375 neighborhood baseball teams take over the school grounds. In the evening, 80,000 grownups pour into the schools to busy themselves in 1,200 adult-education courses.

Says G.M. Employee James Jamrog, father of eight: "Mr. Mott isn't somebody far away. He's like, well, almost a member of the family. He's not like the mean old rich man you read about in stories. At our house, we just take it for granted we are all going to take Mott Foundation classes. If it weren't for the Mott Foundation, this sure would be a different kind of town."

Today the foundation also administers such projects as a health and safety program, a children's health center, an athletic and recreational program, a teen-club program and a "Big Brothers" organization. The overhead cost, says Charlie Mott proudly, runs to .74%, compared with the 8% or 9% of other foundations.

Hoi Polloi. Married four times, Mott is the father of six children (youngest: 21).²¹ He drives a sporty, gold-colored Corvair, wears store-bought clothing. Once he astonished a guest by crossing the length of his vast living room to turn off a lamp. "Can't stand to see anything wasted," he murmured.

More than anything else, Mott's philanthropy is aimed at one aspect of Flint life. "Educators these days are concentrating on geniuses," he says. "We don't neglect them, but we're more interested in *hoi polloi*." His new \$128 million gift to the foundation has not been earmarked for any specific purposes. Explains Mott: "My push is largely in the direction of people who have less opportunity, so we're promoting education for people who haven't had the opportunity to learn."

A few years ago, somebody asked Mott how much he was worth. "Doesn't matter," he said. "What matters is what a man does with his worth." The people of Flint know what that means.

²¹ Mott's first wife committed suicide in 1924. His second wife died in 1928, six months after they were married. He divorced Wife No. 3, Dee Van Balkom Furey, after nine months of marriage in 1929, gave her more than \$1,000,000 of G.M. stock. Mott married his present wife, Ruth Rawlings Mott, in 1934.



CHARLES STEWART MOTTO
He knows what to do with his worth.

had been trained as a mechanical engineer, was president of the Weston-Mott Co., manufacturers of wheels and axles. General Motors bought him out, made him a director and, in the process, the largest single stockholder in the corporation. Mott still owns outright, or controls in trust, another 800,000 or so G.M. shares, controls several banks, ten municipal water companies, four department stores and a sugar company.

From the outset, Mott turned his energies toward the betterment of the community. He served three terms as mayor, got a water-filtration plant and a storm sewer going. From his 18-room Tudor mansion, "Applewood," he began putting money into the Y.M.C.A. and the Boy Scouts, invested in new housing for the growing number of auto workers and their families, bought a farm for the use of underprivileged children, donated land for a park and buildings for hospitals and colleges.

Member of the Family. In 1926, he established the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation to put his money to work

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

The 60-Day Blues

Liberal Leader Lester Pearson, who promised spectacular accomplishments during his first 60 days in office, has since regretted his electioneering enthusiasm. As the 60th day rolled around, the only tangible legislative accomplishment he could point to was his first budget. And that last week proved so ill-considered that it trapped Pearson and his longtime friend and economic adviser, Finance Minister Walter Gordon, 57, in a violent and humiliating political uproar.

The Liberals had spread the impression that they would be less nationalistic than the Tories. Yet Gordon's budget called for a special 30% "take-

the exchanges and to every Cabinet minister.

Certain Difficulties. The effect on Canada's stock markets next day was shattering. As prices plummeted, Gordon held a hasty series of conferences, then beat a full retreat. At 2:35 p.m., 55 minutes before the Montreal and Toronto stock exchanges closed, Gordon appeared in the Commons, announced that because of "certain administrative difficulties" he was withdrawing the 30% takeover tax from the budget. In the final moments after his announcement, the stock markets staged a spectacular rally. Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd., which had dropped from 30 to 26½ by 2:30 p.m., soared to 29½ by closing time at 3:30.

Poor Gordon. He was already under sharp fire in the Commons for the way he had called in outside help to prepare

anyone outside the Cabinet? "Yes," said Gordon, amid gasps of amazement. "To whom?" persisted his questioner. "To the deputy minister and senior assistant deputy minister of the department, and Mr. Stanley, Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Conway."

The sag on the Liberal benches was almost visible. Lamely, Gordon tried to explain that the three outside advisers had the technical status of senior advisers to his department. Nothing could have been more humiliating to the new Finance Minister than the behavior of the stock market when rumors swept the exchanges that Gordon was about to resign. Prices stiffened—only to tumble back when Pearson said it wasn't true.

Having been through two elections in ten months, few Canadians are anxious

DOMINION WIRE



GORDON

over" tax designed to discourage U.S. investors from extending their control over Canadian business. Among those most alarmed was Eric Kierans, 49, the bluntly outspoken president of the Montreal and Canadian stock exchanges, who thought the exchanges would be jeopardized. He got busy, worked up a scorching five-page letter to Gordon, and then set off to Ottawa to protest in person, with five of the exchanges' governors in tow.

Gordon greeted him, and the cameras, with a smile. But the smile faded quickly as Kierans presented his letter, which began, "The financial capitals of the world have just about had enough from Canada." In effect, the letter called the tax discriminatory, prohibitive and unworkable—"complete and utter nonsense." It was, he continued, "an axe to murder the record of trust and confidence that has grown up over the years." As Kierans talked to Gordon, his Montreal office distributed 1,200 copies of the letter in English, and another 600 in French, to every company president with shares listed on



PRIME MINISTER PEARSON
Weakness that caused uneasiness.

his budget. Despite the usual strict rules on budget secrecy, he had help from three private businessmen—Martin O'Connell, a specialist in municipal finance, Geoffrey R. Conway, a tax accountant, and David Stanley, an investment analyst. Opposition sharpshooters pounced on this indiscretion.

Guilt by Innuendo. Conservative Leader John Diefenbaker put the question: "Did the Minister advise Mr. Kierans last night that the 30% tax was going to be withdrawn, and did he advise anyone today, before he made the announcement in the House? I ask these questions because of the fact that the stock market reacted so quickly this afternoon." Diefenbaker's ex-Finance Minister George Nowlan snapped: "I assume that fortunes have been made on this rise this afternoon." Gordon said he had told only Pearson and certain other fellow Cabinet members. Angry, Mike Pearson rose to his friend's defense and said cuttingly to Diefenbaker: "I do not believe in guilt by innuendo or insinuation."

As the opposition continued its attack, Gordon once again had to back-track. Had Gordon made known his "intention" to withdraw the 30% tax to



KIERANS

for another one soon. Yet after last week's bungling performances, Mike Pearson's hopeful new government has a long, hard grind ahead to restore its lost stature. As Douglas Hall, president of Toronto's General Accident Insurance Co., said: "Now either this tax was wrong in the first place—which is hardly comforting—or it was right and he should have stuck by it. It makes you uneasy to see this kind of weakness."

CUBA

Infiltration, Not Invasion

"WAR COMMUNIQUÉ NO. 1," read the announcement from Miami, "Commandos of the Cuban Revolutionary Council have landed in different parts of Cuba, and the farmers are helping them. They are continuing the action, which will definitely lead to liberation of our country."

Was it for real? It seemed like it; so radios blared and headlines blossomed. Wall Street jumped nervously, as it often does when the talk is of war and peace. At one point, the ticker ran eleven min-

utes late on the New York Stock Exchange as the sell orders flooded in. Between noon and 1 p.m., nearly 1,400,000 shares had changed hands, and prices went down as much as 4.98 points on the Dow-Jones industrial average before the market got its equilibrium back.

The rumor factory, one of the strongest industries among Cuban exiles, got busy. Florida's Democratic Congressman Paul G. Rogers, who claimed "a very reliable" source, put the figure at 3,000 men ashore all told.

The excitement lasted only a few hours. Washington, which in the Bay of Pigs learned its own lasting lesson about excessive hope-raising, and has since broken with the council, dismissed the reports as "inaccurate and highly colored," and dangerous because "they deceive and frustrate the hopes of anti-Castro elements" within Cuba. U.S. intelligence men guessed that no more than 50 people could be put ashore in Cuba unnoticed. In Miami, Manuel Antonio de Varona, 54, coordinator of the Revolutionary Council, agreed that perhaps infiltration was a better word than invasion. And in Philadelphia, the freighter *Maximus*, bound for Havana, loaded 5,000 tons of supplies, valued at \$1,750,000, the last payment to Castro for the \$53 million ransom release of 1,113 Bay of Pigs prisoners.

BRAZIL

The Cabinet Maker

Brazil is a giant land of such confidence in its future that it is often neglectful of its present. At a time when its foreign debts were increasing, its reserves almost gone, and its 75 million people plagued by inflation, Brazil's President João Goulart turned to the game he likes best—politics. He confronted his problems by shuffling his Cabinet for the fourth time in 22 months.

First he kept everyone guessing. Every day, from 9 a.m. to 3 a.m., Goulart's futuristic presidential palace at Brasilia was besieged by Congressmen, Senators, governors, labor leaders, industrialists, generals, and special pleaders of every stripe and shape. To each delegation, Goulart, always smiling, gave his "full support." He was, he said, intending to create a "homogeneous" Cabinet of kindred spirits dedicated to his three-year stabilization plan. Plane traffic in and out of Brasilia was so heavy that the country's four major airlines set up temporary counters in the lobby of the Congress building, and as a gag Deputies went around greeting each other, "Hello, Mr. Minister." Goulart himself flew off to Rio for two days to confer with army generals and politicians.

As it turned out, the principal effect of the changes was to drive from the Finance Ministry Francisco San Tiago Dantas, a brilliant, opportunistic politician whom the U.S. regarded as a man doing his honest best to carry out



GOULART & CARVALHO PINTO
Change for change's sake.

a needed austerity in Brazilian affairs. Having obliged the spenders by removing Dantas, Goulart quieted the savers by appointing in his place Carlos Alberto Alves Carvalho Pinto, 53, a hardheaded governor largely responsible for Brazil's most fabulous success story, booming São Paulo state. Goulart's choice as Foreign Minister was more controversial—his own chief presidential adviser, Evandro Lins e Silva, 51, a one-time criminal lawyer, the man who accompanied Goulart on his 1961 trip to Red China and the man regarded as the most influential far-leftist in the Goulart camp.

THE ALIANZA "Frustrating Monologue"

To find out what is going wrong with the Alliance for Progress, the OAS last November commissioned two distinguished Latin Americans—Juscelino Kubitschek, former President of Brazil, and Alberto Lleras Camargo, who had



LLERAS & KUBITSCHEK
Faults to north and south.

just finished his term as President of Colombia. Their separate reports last week made disheartening reading.

Silence Preferred. In the view of Kubitschek, who ran up a huge deficit in Brazil to build his beloved back-country capital, Brasília, the U.S. is to blame for not delivering as much aid as it seemed to have promised. "It would have been better to have had silence," said he, "than to have spread seeds of hope that will never grow and bear fruit." As presently constituted, Kubitschek went on, the Alliance is little more than a label. "I protest against using the name *Alianza* as a label for projects of all sorts, some of which had already been put into operation before the creation of the Alliance and which have no creative purpose."

Specifically, he objected to the *Alianza's* taking credit for aid under U.S. Public Law 480, which allows the sale of surplus food for soft local currency, and for the operations of the Export-Import Bank, which has in fact been less active lately. He accused the U.S. Congress of lopping 40% from what he considered a Kennedy promise of \$1 billion-worth of aid in Latin America in 1962—when all that Kennedy actually requested was \$600 million. And he found a "lack of coordination among U.S. organizations designed to finance the *Alianza*, and lack of a central U.S. organization with ample powers to make clear *Alianza* definitions and decisions." He made little mention of Latin America's failure to institute the substantial tax and agrarian reforms that were to be its contribution.

Urgency Disappeared. Colombia's Lleras Camargo found more fault with the southern end of the *Alianza*. "The feeling of urgency that dominated the Punta del Este meeting disappeared immediately after the documents were signed," he said. The governments—"all of them"—have shown a lack of interest and have abdicated the responsibility that they were expected to share. Thus, instead of a grand alliance of equals, the program has degenerated into a standard series of bilateral aid agreements between the U.S. and each individual country of Latin America.

Both ex-Presidents agreed that a multilateral leadership of the *Alianza* is needed to end what Kubitschek calls "this frustrating monologue." They want to set up a new Inter-American Development Committee to run the *Alianza*. The committee would consist of six representatives of American nations, including a permanent U.S. delegate. Kubitschek's committee would be led by the executive secretary of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, Lleras' by a president elected every five years. Says Lleras: "He would become the figure that the *Alianza* is lacking so that its image may cease to be that of a U.S. political enterprise, and become a collective instrument, a multilateral machine, an authentic movement of the national forces of 20 countries."

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

The Lost Leader

As the House of Commons clock ticked toward starting time for the great debate, there were only two empty seats in the jammed, expectant chamber. The first was filled, with four minutes to spare, by Harold Macmillan, who sat down stiffly on the government's front



PRIME MINISTER MACMILLAN

"A deep and lasting wound."

bench, looking as chill and wan as his effigy at Madame Tussauds.

Two minutes later, a short, plump man in a shabby grey suit hustled expressionlessly down the gangway, sank into the Opposition front bench facing Macmillan, and fingered a cardboard file. As the clock struck, Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson rose to his feet and for a second savored the tingling silence before breaking it with his flat, nasal Yorkshire voice. "This is a debate," he began, "without precedence in the annals of the House."

The two men were the products of two remarkable political careers and also of two Britains: Macmillan, the skillful, courageous and often ruthless patrician who had rescued his country from the debris of Suez and led it into an era of unprecedented prosperity; Harold Wilson, the dry, diligent and often devious son of a provincial chemist who had risen by hard work and chance (including the death of the man he succeeded, Hugh Gaitskell) to the top of the Labor Party. As he faced Macmillan, who had gone to Oxford by family tradition, Harold Wilson, who had gone to Oxford on a scholarship, strove to embody a new, impatient, class-defying England. The moral decay surrounding the Profumo affair, he tried hard to suggest, must be blamed on the Tories. Referring to Christine Keeler's reported \$14,000-a-week nightclub contract, Wilson declared: "There is something utterly nauseating about a system of society which pays a harlot 25 times

as much as it pays its Prime Minister."

For the rest, Harold Wilson stuck to the security issue and the government's handling of the Profumo case, which he attacked as either dishonest or incompetent, or both.

Let Down. The once unflappable Macmillan fidgeted in his seat and kept dabbing at the pouches beneath his eyes with a crumpled handkerchief. When he rose, he openly played for the sympathy of his colleagues. "What has happened," he said, "has inflicted a deep, bitter and lasting wound on me." Essentially his defense was that he had been grossly deceived by Profumo—an "almost unbelievable" culprit—and badly let down by his subordinates, who failed to keep him informed. From the back benches came a rude gibe of "Nobody ever tells me muffin!"

By the time Macmillan finished, the House was prepared to acquit him of personal dishonesty and moral turpitude, but he had convicted himself of negligence and naivete—or perhaps simply of a fatal ability to avert his eyes from what he did not wish to see. In the vote following the debate, 72 Conservatives voted against Macmillan or abstained. On all sides there were cries of "Resign, resign," and this is what Macmillan will almost certainly have to do—the only remaining question being when.

The Warning. The long debate served to fix government responsibility, or the lack of it, and illustrated the odd nature of the British security system, compounded of shrewdness, inefficiency, and an often misguided sense of sportsmanship that goes to extraordinary lengths in protecting members of the club. The case, as it emerged from the debate, falls into four phases.

First, there was the Christine-Profumo affair itself, which, according to Profumo, lasted only a few months, from July to December 1961, but by other evidence possibly lasted longer. During those same months, Christine also entertained Russian Assistant Naval Attaché Evgeny Ivanov, who had been pals for some time with her mentor, Dr. Stephen Ward, MI-5, British intelligence, apparently discovered only half of what Wilson scathingly called "this dingy quadrilateral." In August 1961, according to the Commons debate, Cabinet Secretary Sir Norman Brook warned Profumo that it would be better for the Secretary for War not to be too friendly with Ward; he did not mention, and evidently did not know about, Christine. Nothing of this was reported to Macmillan.

In the second phase, which covers most of 1962, rumors of the affair kept reaching the newspapers, Tory and Labor politicians, but apparently not the Prime Minister. During the Cuba blowup, Ward was all over the place, suggesting to the Prime Minister's office and to the Foreign Office that his friend

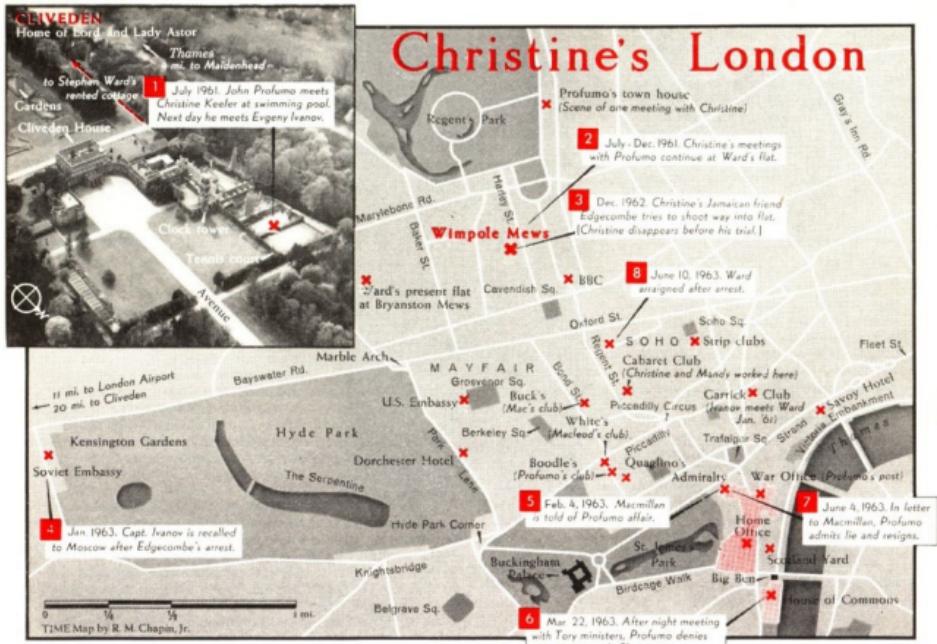
Ivanov be used as an intermediary to help settle the crisis. But, said Macmillan, a lot of people were then trying to get into the act "to weaken our resolution." A little later, Wilson himself got a letter from Ward, boasting of his supposed help in settling the Cuba matter, but filed it away as coming from a crank. Before Ivanov was recalled to Moscow[®] in January 1963, he aroused suspicion in other ways. A bridge player who took a hand in some very high-level games, he lost steadily, as much as \$140 a night. "I do not believe the Soviet embassy's petty cash would stand such losses every night," said one Labor M.P. caustically, "unless they got something for it."

The Vigil. In the third and most remarkable phase, Macmillan finally became aware that there was such a thing as a Profumo case. In January 1963, as Macmillan told Commons, police learned from Christine that Ward had asked her to find out from Profumo when the U.S. was to deliver certain nuclear information and warheads to West Germany (she said that she refused to do it). Macmillan was not told of this either. But while he was away in Italy, the general manager of the huge (circ. 6,500,000) News of the World reported the Profumo rumors to Macmillan's principal private secretary. Confronted with the story, Profumo denied everything to several officials; the relationship had been innocent, he said, and anyway had ended long before. Why didn't the Prime Minister question Profumo himself at any time? Macmillan's lame answer: he assumed that Profumo would speak more freely to others, and furthermore such an interrogation would have made "social relations" between

[®] Where last week he was expelled from the Communist Party, dismissed from the intelligence service, and sent to a mental hospital.



LABOR CHIEF WILSON
"A nauseating system."



himself and Profumo highly embarrassing. And why didn't anyone attempt to interrogate Christine herself to check out Profumo's denial? To this, Macmillan had no answer at all.

After Christine failed to appear as a witness last March in the trial of a jealous Negro lover who had tried to shoot her, questions were finally raised in Parliament. Macmillan asked for action, admittedly hoping for a statement from Profumo that would quell further rumors in the press through fear of libel. When the House adjourned after midnight, Profumo was awakened, and at 1:30 a.m. came to Chief Tory Whip Martin Redmayne's Commons office with his solicitor. He was confronted by Redmayne, Tory Chairman Iain Macleod, Minister without Portfolio William Deedes, Attorney General Sir John Hobson and Solicitor General Sir Peter Rawlinson. Two of Profumo's interrogators had been at Harrow with him.

The Letter. Under friendly questioning until 5 a.m., Profumo denied misconduct with Christine. He agreed to make a sacrosanct "personal statement," assuring the House that he had committed "no impropriety whatsoever" with Miss Keeler. His fellow ministers suggested that he admit at least to being "on friendly terms with her," although it "sounded so awful," as Profumo put it. "We insisted that it must be included," explained Macleod fatuously last

week, "because it was part of the truth."

Against himself and the four other ministers, Macleod added, "two possible charges can be brought. First, that we were conspiring knaves, and secondly, that we were gullible fools."

They were indeed gullible—but obviously they wanted to be. Even the most cursory checking would have disclosed that while Christine may have had *jolie de vivre*, she had little discretion. Profumo's interrogators knew by then about a letter he had written to Christine in 1961 beginning "Darling . . ." Profumo explained, as Macmillan put it, that in his circles "it was a term of no great significance. I believe that this might be accepted. I do not live among young people fairly widely." But if it was acceptable to Macmillan, at 69 a little remote from reality, it should not have fooled the others. "We were a bunch of ninny-muggins," admits one of the five privately, and adds with extraordinary logic: "We're called that earlier case," in which "My dear Vassall" proved to be harmless, so we were bound to feel that "Darling" might well be similarly harmless.

* When John Vassall, a homosexual Admiralty clerk, was convicted last October of spying for the Russians, Macmillan summarily fired the clerk's superior, Thomas Galbraith, who had written the clerk some letters starting "My dear Vassall." Galbraith was later wholly exonerated.

The Exit. The last phase of the case began after Profumo proclaimed his purity to the House, was warmly patted on the back by the Prime Minister, and with his wife, Actress Valerie Hobson, went off to the races with the Queen Mother, and later attended a Tory ball at Quaglino's, a West End nightclub.

But there were editors and M.P.'s who knew by now that he had lied, and Profumo showed himself both arrogant and stupid in thinking that he could suppress the truth indefinitely by libel suits. (In fact, he sued *Paris-Match* for libel and collected out of court from Italy's *Tempo Illustrato*.) Besides, Ward began to talk, and to Labor M.P. George Wigg he unfolded a tale, as Wilson described it in the Commons, that "took the lid off a corner of the London underworld—vice and dope, marijuana, blackmail and counter-blackmail, violence, petty crime." Added Wilson gratuitously: "If Ward's statement had been published as a fiction paperback in America, it would have seemed overdrawn and beyond belief."¹⁰

Wilson sent an account of the Ward-Wigg conversation to Macmillan, who turned it over to the "appropriate authorities," who found nothing disturbing.

⁸ Though possibly not in Britain, where *Tropic of Cancer* has been a bestseller for months and the unexpurgated *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has sold 3,500,000 paperback copies.

ing in it. Prodded further, Macmillan wrote Wilson: "There seems to be nothing in the papers you sent which requires me to take any action."

Even after Ward sent Wilson, the Home Secretary and the entire British press a letter announcing that Profumo had lied to the House of Commons, the disclosure "did not seem to make any impression" on the Prime Minister. While ordering the Lord Chancellor to investigate Ward's charges, Macmillan

assured Wilson he was confident nonetheless that the security question had been "fully and efficiently watched"—although as Wilson accurately pointed out, MI-5 men apparently knew nothing about Christine until they read about her in the papers.

As the dismal facts and alibis tumbled out in the Commons, the adulation and affection the Tories had once bestowed on "Macwonder" turned almost visibly to a kind of stupefied pity. At

the end of his defense, Macmillan p'eaded: "I am entitled to the sympathetic understanding and confidence of the House and of the country." But from the Tory benches, as he sat down, came a sound that was more sigh than cheer. By twos and threes, perturbed back-benchers went out to argue in the lobbies while several Tory speakers caustically condemned the Prime Minister. Macmillan rose and with bowed head left the chamber.

WHAT A LABOR GOVERNMENT WOULD BE LIKE

It may still be a long way back to power, but every by-election and opinion poll in Britain today indicates that a growing majority of voters want a Labor government. In a far more prosperous society than the weary nation that elected the last Labor regime in 1945, the question is what life would be like under new Socialist leaders. Curiosity is most intense among voters under 30, who have been spared memories of the shock (canned mock salmon), "reconstituted" eggs and whale steak of previous Laborite austerity.

Sensing that this new you-never-had-it-so-good generation is both weary of Tory rule and leary of Socialist dogma, the Labor program today emphasizes "pragmatism" and "responsibility" rather than headlong plunges into doctrinaire experiments. The party's catchwords, a heady blend of Gladstonian rhetoric and New Frontier pep talk, call for "a sense of purpose" to "get Britain moving." How much of its ambitious program will actually be enacted depends on the kind of majority it can win at the polls. But there are some fair indications of what Labor aims to do.

Nationalization

State ownership of industry—which Winston Churchill called that "burglar's jemmy to crack the capitalist crib"—is the goal most commonly associated with a Socialist administration. Tory scaremongers even claim that Labor already has a "shopping list" of 104 companies it plans to nationalize. However, after bitter argument the Labor Party has abandoned its longtime commitment to public ownership of the economy's "commanding heights." It plans now only to renationalize steel, which was partially restored to private enterprise by the Tories, and Britain's trucking industry.

The Economy

A Labor government would demand broad powers to regulate the economy. It would give manufacturers tax incentives and guaranteed orders for exports, but would itself build and run pacesetting plants in any industries, such as machine tools, that it judges inadequate or inefficient. Socialist principle demands a tax on capital gains, which have been largely immune so far, and possibly even a levy on capital. In Harold Wilson's words, Britain has a "*laissez-faire*, soft-center, speculative, hire-purchase, advertiser-controlled, stop-go economy." To change this, Labor would have to transform completely the nation's business life. Hence the *Economist* sees Labor's economic aims as "at once consoling and frightening."

To ease the nation's critical dearth of living space and clear its squalid legacy of slums, Labor promises to commit more public funds to new housing and redevelopment, restore rent controls, and regulate new construction. Labor also aims to break the age-old power of wealthy landowners, who seldom sell property outright but give developers long-term leases on which the landlords continue to collect "ground rent." New legislation would give all leaseholders the right to buy actual "freehold" ownership of their land.

Europe

In theory, the professedly "internationalist" Labor Party ought to be for Britain's entry into the Common Market, probably would have backed it had Labor been in power when the issue arose. But a large segment of Labor distrusts Catholic Europe and suspects that the Common Market is a conspiracy to strengthen capitalism. Besides, many trade unionists fear foreign competition. A Labor administration might be willing to reopen negotiations for Common Market membership, but its tougher terms would make Britain's admission more difficult even if De Gaulle's opposition were to diminish.

The U.S. & Defense

Labor would "stand firmly" by NATO, and would happily leave the U.S. in charge of the West's nuclear defense and abandon Britain's independent deterrent. Admittedly, Britain would become a second-class military power, but Wilson maintains that it can remain "very important" if it develops its conventional forces. He considers Britain's present defenses "more ineffective and inappropriate than at any time since Ethelred the Unready"—who failed to deter the Danes in 1013—and promises to reequip and rearm Britain's Army of the Rhine.

While the Pentagon, dreading nuclear "proliferation," is cheered by Labor's willingness to renounce Britain's deterrent, this might strengthen Labor's vocal neutralist-unilateralist wing.

East & West

Wilson proposes regular annual summit meetings of U.S., British and Soviet heads of state at the U.N., says that the proposal was warmly received when he visited Moscow this month. Labor is irrevocably opposed to giving West Germany nuclear weapons (so is the U.S.); it is equally opposed to any arrangement, such as the U.S. proposal for a multilateral Polaris force, that might ultimately give Germans a finger on the nuclear trigger. Though Anglophile Ludwig Erhard is taking over from Anglophobe Konrad Adenauer, Labor's outspoken fear of Germany is as vehement as ever.

Labor favors nuclear-free zones and thinning out of forces to reduce tension in Central Europe, Africa, Latin America, the Middle East. In Europe, however, Wilson insists that "disengagement should not be used by either side to upset the balance of forces." On the Berlin question, Labor agrees with the U.S. that the Western garrison and free access to the city are essential.

Education & Science

Labor shrewdly senses that the country's most pressing need is for a greatly expanded educational system, both to achieve its ideal of a classless society and to increase the flow of technicians, scientists and managers who are vital to economic growth on the scale envisaged by Labor. The party proposes to abolish university fees, start 45 new universities in 20 years, and greatly expand existing facilities for technical training and scientific research. "Politics," say Laborites, "is education."

Who Next? Some angry Tories felt that Macmillan should resign at once, but at a backbenchers' meeting the view prevailed that, as one Cabinet minister put it, "the country must not get the feeling that he is being hounded out because of Christine Keeler. Our party would never recover from that."

The present consensus is that Macmillan will be allowed to retire rather than to resign, some time this summer or fall. In perspective, he may well remain one of the most successful Prime Ministers in Tory history, but few Conservatives want him in command of their next election campaign; even pre-Profumo, the party had been in bad trouble over defense muddles, Britain's failure to enter the Common Market, and above all Macmillan's stop-and-go fiscal policies and a sluggish economy.

Although Macmillan has systematically eliminated rivals by giving them thankless tasks or sacking them, the Tories have a number of highly plausible successors. Currently in the lead (Daily Express odds: 4-7) is Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling, who is youthful (46) and ready to take credit for a predicted economic spurt this summer. He is also happily married, a particularly useful qualification right now. Next are Deputy Prime Minister "Rab" Butler (2-1), who has all the necessary experience, but at 60 may have been around too long; and Lord Hailsham, bellicose, blimpish Science Minister, 55, whose hopes faded rapidly when the government said that its lords reform bill, which would permit him to sit in the Commons, would not be introduced this summer. Ted Heath, 46, is generally ruled out because he is associated with the Common Market failure, and besides, he is a bachelor.

What Next? Any one of these Tories could give Labor a good fight in the next election, which does not have to be held till the fall of 1964. But Laborites feel themselves closer to power than they have at any time in the last dozen years. At week's end Harold Wilson returned to the attack in the Commons, demanding an investigation of the Profumo case by a parliamentary select committee with sweeping powers. The more limited judicial inquiry proposed by Macmillan, cried Wilson, was merely "a cover-up," because, without authority to compel proof or the attendance of witnesses, it would have to collect evidence "from some of the most unmitigated liars in this country."

Were there any more revelations to come? Wilson wanted to know. Nothing he knew of right now, said Macmillan, but he added: "I have heard terrible things said of all sorts of people." The most authoritative source of all, Christine herself, volunteered: "Apart from those I have already mentioned in my story, I do not know and have not met any ministers."

Macmillan recovered his composure. "They have deeply wounded me," he



SHOWGIRL KEELER (1960)
A not-so-harmless darling.

told a Tory rally, adding: "It will not break my spirit." But the House still remembered the words of Tory Rebel Nigel Birch, who during the big debate had quoted Browning's *The Lost Leader* at Harold Macmillan:

*Let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain.
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight.
Never glad confident morning again!*

Goddess of the Gravel Pits

There was another swimming pool in Christine Keeler's life before the one at Cliveden. As a young girl, she would often swim in the muddy gravel pits near the dingy, Thames-side town of Wraybury. Envious of her looks, her girl friends called her the "Goddess of the Gravel Pits." "I remember Christine stepping from the water," says one childhood chum. "Her homemade bikini of yellow jersey wool clung to her."

From makeshift bikinis to Paris originals, the life of Christine Keeler was discussed in intimate detail last week, not only in the House of Commons but also in every British newspaper. For all the sentimental and psychological clichés about a pretty child from a broken home, what emerged was a Circean odyssey of a girl who always knew what she—and what men—wanted.

Bright Lights. Her parents split up when she was a child. With her mother, Christine moved into a converted bus coach near the Thames that was little more than a shanty on wheels. Even then, Christine's eye was on the main chance. Often she would climb up on

the knee of a neighbor and beg to be told about the bright lights in the big cities. "She was forever asking me to tell her stories about life in London," recalls the neighbor. "I spent hours telling her about her dreamland."

Christine eventually took a job in a London dress house. At a small Soho café called The Zodiac, she met a Spanish waiter named Carlo, began spending weekends with him at his seedy Soho boardinghouse. Then a girl friend introduced her to a U.S. Air Force sergeant. "Night after night we whooped it up with the Yanks," recalls the friend. "They were twelve very gay months." But Christine got pregnant, gave birth prematurely to a son she called Peter. The infant died six days later. Christine was just 17.

Out of work and short of cash, Christine became the mistress of a rich Rolls-Royce-driving real estate man, who set her up in a luxurious flat off Baker Street. But the affair proved unsatisfactory, and she went to work as a waitress, then as a showgirl in Murray's Cabaret Club. "And then," Christine said, "I began meeting my first interesting male companions."

No Man's Collar. One was Stephen Ward, and a few months after they met in 1959, Christine moved into his flat in Wimpole Mews. "It was a sort of brother-and-sister relationship," said Christine, "nothing else." A feature of Ward's apartment was a one-way mirror permitting observation of the bedroom from the living room; this elaborate peephole was covered by a picture of Buddha when not in use. "That was installed by an old eccentric who used to own this place," Ward said. "I'm going to have it filled in." An elaborate practical joker, Ward often put a dog collar around Christine's neck and led her around London on a leash. Sometimes Christine received guests wearing nothing but skintight blue jeans, once gave a party at which all the guests sat drinking champagne in her bathroom.

One of her thirstiest friends was Evgeny Ivanov. Though he was a bit of a prig, Ivanov was a devoted reader of the steamy James Bond novels, found them "amusing but ridiculous." He professed to dislike loose women, did not like Christine even to use cosmetics. But one hot July night, recalls Christine, Ivanov finally "came to forsake all his principles and his pride. Suddenly he was kissing me, rolling his dark curls into my neck . . ." Afterward, Ivanov was "sad, very sad."

Charming but Wary. That very same weekend Christine had met Jack Profumo for the first time. It was at Cliveden, and Christine, who was visiting Ward at his cottage on the grounds, was stealing a nude moonlight swim in Astor's pool. Suddenly Bill Astor appeared with some guests, including Profumo. Frantically clutching a towel around her dripping self, Christine was introduced to both Jack and his wife, Valerie Hobson. "She was very charming," said Christine, "but

seemed wary of me." Next day, Christine brought Ivanov out to Cliveden, and the Russian and Profumo held a swimming race, which Jack only won by cheating. "That will teach you to trust the British government," Profumo told Ivanov. Later that same day, he asked Christine for her telephone number; she told him to get it from Ward.

Jack and Christine met several times in Ward's flat. "Mentally, we became very close," said Christine. It happened, just like it happened with Ivanov. At least that is how Christine told it in the News of the World: "There was one of those electric, potent silences, and he was kissing me and I was returning his kisses with everything I suddenly felt for him." Once, when Valerie was in Ireland on holiday, Profumo took Christine to his house in Regent's Park. "We

RUSSIA Women Are Different

To hear the Russians tell it, all the world's women were in chains before Valentina Vladimirovna Tereshkova. As the first woman cosmonaut looped the earth, Tass exulted: "A brilliant star has flared up in the cosmic firmament. It outshines all the film stars in the world. Never and in no country did women ever attain such height." In every Russian village, women celebrated, and congratulations were fired aloft from such Soviet heroines as Lyubi Li, described in the press as "the renowned corn planter and hero of Socialist labor."

In her space capsule, Vostok VI, "Valya" was still the compleat Soviet woman. Her space suit was embroidered with a snow-white dove, and she

Three days and 48 orbits after take-off, Valya re-entered the atmosphere, was ejected from her capsule and floated to earth by parachute near a small village in Kazakhstan; slowed by another parachute, the empty Vostok VI landed nearby. Two hours and 46 minutes later and some 500 miles away, Bykovsky landed similarly in the meadow of a collective farm after a record 81 orbits and 119 hours aloft. But Bykovsky was all but forgotten in the furor over Valya. Television commentators described her "cornflower blue eyes," and peasants showered her with bouquets. Overcome by her welcome, Valya broke into tears; it was the first time, Moscow assured the world, that anyone had seen her cry since she was a child. In a telephone conversation with Nikita Khrushchev, she admitted that she had bruised her nose in landing, said that the "people received me very cordially in the Russian manner with bread and salt." Foreseeably, she had brought along photographs of herself and passed them out to workers who greeted her, giving most of the pictures to women. "I prefer women today," she said. "The men shouldn't complain." When she flew into Moscow for her official reception three days later, Valya was greeted by more flowers than anyone remembered ever having seen before in the Russian capital, a bear hug and kiss from Khrushchev, and her best beau, Bachelor Cosmonaut Andrian Nikolayev.

Paper Dolls. Though Russia's second double shot added little new to space technology, the fact that Valya was not a pilot and admittedly was mechanically unsophisticated raised the question of why U.S. astronauts all must be skilled test pilots. The answer from NASA officials: use of test pilots permits the elimination of space-consuming automatic equipment in the cramped capsules. But some authorities are convinced that young scientists would be far more effective in observing and analyzing unexpected space flight phenomena. Says Clinton Anderson, chairman of the Senate Space Committee: "The Russians have proved to us that you don't have to have 20 years of test-pilot experience before you can handle one of these capsules."

Fervent agreement was voiced by U.S. feminists. Said Jane Hart, wife of Michigan Senator Philip Hart and leader in the fight to get women astronauts accepted by solidly misogynistic NASA: "I'm tempted to go out to the barn and tell the story to my horse and listen to him laugh." Added Clare Boothe Luce: "We must stop trying to make paper dolls of our women." Anthropologist Margaret Mead commented



KHRUSHCHEV & COSMONAUTS
Even in space, vive la différence.

crept around the lovely rooms and then we got to their bedroom."

Marvellous Place. Christine also cavorted with members of London's vast West Indian contingent, had affairs with Jamaican Johnnie Edgecombe and Singer Lucky Gordon. "When I first met her," said Gordon, "she was asking the waitress in a cafe where she could get some Indian hemp [marijuana]. Knowing this, I wanted to know her." There were a number of others. Scotland Yard is said to have Christine's notebook, and the notebook is said to be full of names.

Throughout, Christine never forgot the gravel pits or Mum. When she took temporary refuge in Spain last March, Christine sent a postcard home. "Marvellous place," she wrote. "Lots of nice-looking men. Don't worry, having a ball." Since then, the ball has continued, more or less, and so has fame. At the Cassius Clay fight at Wembley Stadium last week, there was a sudden flurry as a glamorous woman swept to her ringside seat. "Is that Christine Keeler?" asked a spectator. "No," said his neighbor, "only Elizabeth Taylor."

had her hair done before blastoff. Once a tomboy, she now has an admitted weakness for spike heels, stylish clothes, and a perfume called Red Moscow. From space she radioed ground control: "Please tell Mamma not to worry." Once, when ground scientists lost contact with "Seagull" (Valya's orbital call name), they hastily ordered her cosmic companion in Vostok V, Lieutenant Colonel Valery Feodorovich Bykovsky, to try and rouse her. "Sorry, I was having a snooze," apologized Valya.

Missed Rendezvous. Over their radios, Valya and Valery sang songs of friendship to each other, flashed "best wishes to the industrious American people" and "warm greetings to the multimillioned Chinese." Loosening their harnesses, both cosmonauts performed calisthenics while floating weightlessly in their cabins. But though the two Vostoks passed within three miles of each other, their orbital paths were so divergent that they could not rendezvous. Since U.S. scientists had fully expected the two capsules to link up in space, they speculated that Soviet scientists had made a launching miscalculation.

* Many scientists doubt Astronaut Gordon Cooper's report of seeing trucks on the road and smoke coming out of chimneys in Tibet. According to Dr. W. R. Aley of U.C.L.A., this is equivalent to seeing objects 1 in. in diameter 4,000 ft. away. He thinks Cooper had disorders of vision or judgment.



"EL MORRO", SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

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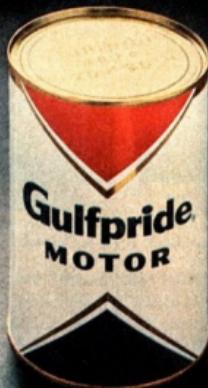
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acidly: "The Russians treat men and women interchangeably. We treat men and women differently."

And vive la différence, said at least one Russian male last week. "My age and conservative mental makeup compelled me to think up to the last few days that we men were the rulers of man's mind and the salt of the earth," said Novelist Mikhail (And Quiet Flows the Don) Sholokhov. "And what do we see now? A woman in space! Say what you will, this is incomprehensible. It contradicts all my set conceptions of the world and its possibilities."

COMMUNISTS

Now for the Main Event

Nikita Khrushchev had more reasons last week to wonder why he ever invited a Red Chinese delegation to Moscow. Twenty-five reasons, to be exact, all neatly numbered in a letter for convenient "point-by-point discussion" at the scheduled Sino-Soviet meeting next week. Mao Tse-tung's latest message to Nikita—the most vehement to date in the continuing quarrel—doomed the confrontation to failure before it began. Peking deliberately left the Kremlin no room for compromise. After years of discussion over whether the split was real, Western skeptics could no longer doubt that it was deep, jagged, and unbridgeable for a long time to come.

Parrot & Stick. In 24,000 brazenly contemptuous words, Mao accused Khrushchev of spawning a new personality cult worse than Stalin's, assailed the Kremlin for "great power chauvinism and economic pressure" against other Red nations, charged the Soviets with trying to purge foreign Communist parties. Exclaimed Red China: "What is all this if not subversion?"

At the same time, Peking was not above attempting some subversion of its own. Appealing to Moscow's East European satellites, the statement declared: "If a party cannot use its brains to think for itself, but instead is a party that parrots the words of others, runs hither and thither in response to the baton of certain persons abroad, such a party is incapable of leading the masses."

The crux of the Chinese dispute with Russia remained Moscow's propaganda line of peaceful coexistence with the West. This policy, said Peking scornfully, was plucked out of "some mystical book from Heaven"; moreover, those who dare to disagree are treated "as heretics deserving to be burned at the stake. How can the Chinese Communists agree? They cannot. It is impossible."

As always, Peking stuck to the dogma that the road to violent revolution in Africa, Asia and Latin America was the only path a true Marxist could follow. As for Soviet charges of warmongering, the Red Chinese replied with an argument that, ironically, echoed some Pentagon strategists. Brush-fire wars, de-

clared Peking, need not necessarily escalate into an all-out nuclear struggle. Truth was, declared the manifesto, the Russians were too selfish and scared to risk their bourgeois gains in far-off battles. "To put it bluntly," said Red China, "whoever considers that a revolution can be made only if everything is plain sailing, only if there is an advance guarantee against failure, is certainly not a revolutionary."

Keep Talking. Peking's punch was neatly timed to catch the Kremlin off balance. It landed on the eve of a special Central Committee meeting called to discuss Russia's internal ideological troubles. For four days the Russians were stunned and speechless. Finally the Central Committee angrily announced that it would not even bother to publish Red China's "distorted, unwarranted attack."

Chinese Communist newspapers triumphantly headlined Russia's refusal to print the Chinese document. Even Russia's vaunted space feats were nothing that Nikita could take credit for. "During the Stalin era he was a third- or even fourth-rate man," the newspaper reported. "He had nothing to do with nuclear and space developments."

In Russia's own bailiwick, the Chinese Reds also stayed on the offensive. Communist Rumania, which has been feuding with the Kremlin over Moscow's interference in its economic affairs, gleefully published a lengthy summary of the Red Chinese indictment. Peking's embassy in Moscow boldly distributed Russian-language copies of its manifesto. Callers were greeted by an attaché, and after a polite chat over tea, got as many translations of the 63-page document as they wanted.

The Ukrainian Candidates

The Khrushchev Succession Sweepstakes began all over again last week when the Communist Party Central Committee named two new secretaries. Out in front is Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, 56, a shrewd, swarthy metallurgical engineer whom Khrushchev plucked from an obscure job in the Ukraine little more than a decade ago. Brezhnev will now probably give up the merely ceremonial functions of the Soviet presidency, take over as taskmaster of heavy industry and armaments. The second new secretary is Ukrainian Party Boss Nikolai Podgorny, 60, who is expected to take over the supervision of party cadres.

Both men were already members of the Central Committee's inner sanctum, the Presidium. Now, as secretaries of the committee as well, they move into the most elite echelon of the Soviet hierarchy. Only four other Red leaders hold such a double position, and none is Khrushchev's likely successor. The four: Frol Kozlov, 54, who suffered a severe stroke in April; elderly Otto Kuusinen, 81; Senior Theoretician Mikhail Suslov, 60, compromised by a Stalinist past; and Khrushchev himself.

ITALY

Epitaph for the Apertura

Italy last week had a Premier, but no leader, a Cabinet, but no effective government, and a Parliament that may well be dissolved without passing a single significant law. The nation faced the prospect of political turmoil unmatched since the Communist bid for power was turned back in 1948. Shut tight was the risky *apertura a sinistra* (opening to the left), with no new *apertura* in sight in any particular direction.

Broad Jump. The left-center opening was created 17 months ago by left-wing Christian Democrats in alliance with Pietro Nenni's Socialists and with the tacit consent of the Vatican. The idea was that this coalition would enact overdue "reforms" in agriculture, edu-

BUFORO



SOCIALIST NENNI
Trespassers in his gardens.

cation and finance, backed by the Socialists but opposed by Italy's right-wing parties. At the same time, the Christian Democrats, somewhat naively Machiavellian, hoped to separate Nenni from his longtime Communist allies.

Nenni, a practical political jumper, seemed ready to leap again. He had been a pal of Mussolini's when both were young Fascists; he soon broke with Il Duce (who nearly had him shot), fought against the Communists until the early '30s, made up with them after the war, when he took most of his party into the Red camp. (The remaining anti-Communist Socialists formed Italy's Social Democratic Party under Giuseppe Saragat.) After Hungary, Nenni again partly broke with the Communists. Now, at 72, he was toying with bourgeois respectability by cooperating with the center parties—but his own followers were not so eager. They might own cars or go skiing at St. Moritz, but most of them still hankered for alliance with the Communists—a feeling that was reinforced by massive Red gains in the recent national elections.

Nenni made a deal with Premier-

designate Aldo Moro for the Socialists' 87 votes in the Chamber of Deputies. Moro's Christian Democrats would support Socialist demands for 15 new regional governments, even though it meant that in some key industrial regions Socialists could wind up in joint control with the Communists. Nenni in turn promised support for Italian participation in NATO, although many if not most of Nenni's Socialists really want a neutralist Italy.

Quick Switch. Meeting to ratify the Moro-Nenni contract, members of the Socialist Party central committee trooped into a basement hall of an ancient Roman villa near the bank of the Tiber. From the start, there was trouble. "You say you have an agreement on regional governments," shouted a heckler at Nenni, "but you don't say when." Hastily moving on to foreign affairs, Nenni told his grumbling followers that "the Atlantic pact is one of the elements upon which rests a troubled peace—a troubled peace, if you like," he added quickly, "but one which has avoided the outbreak of war."

At that heresy, there was open revolt from the pro-Communist *carriisti* (literally "tank drivers," a nickname derived from the Red tanks that crushed the Hungarian rebellion). Alone, they did not have the votes to defeat Nenni, but now longtime No. 2 man Riccardo Lombardi, eagerly eying the No. 1 spot, also opposed Nenni's deal. The argument raged for 8½ hours. By 5:30 a.m., Nenni was defeated and the alliance with the Christian Democrats had collapsed. The old man submitted his resignation on the spot. It was not accepted, but that hardly mattered.

To President Antonio Segni, Moro reported that, after 24 days of trying, he would be unable to form a new left-center coalition. Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti was jubilant over the chaos, called for a Popular Front government. At the same time he urged Reds to "harvest your neighbors' gardens," which meant wooing the divided, demoralized Socialists in the wine shops, factories and fields. Liberal Leader Giovanni Malagodi, whose small, free-enterprise party doubled its share of the vote (from 3.5% to 7%) in the April elections, pledged to open the eyes of "all those Italians who are still prisoners of the Marxist dream, including those whom the Christian Democrats are drawing into socialism." As a last resort, Segni turned over the task of forming a new government to the affable president of the Chamber of Deputies, Giovanni Leone, a middle-of-the-road Christian Democrat and the first Neapolitan Premier. Like any son of Naples, Leone enjoys singing; with ex-Premier Amintore Fanfani at the piano, he has crooned Neapolitan love songs to such visiting dignitaries as Averell Harriman and Harold Macmillan.

Short Message. After one day, Leone succeeded in forming a government. It was a minority Cabinet of 22 Christian



EX-PREMIER BEN-GURION
Weary of politics—but not THAT weary.

Democrats, mostly "technicians," that would stay in office at least long enough to approve a new budget and to greet President Kennedy. After that, the Parliament will recess for the summer while Christian Democrats debate whether to gamble on recouping their recent losses by holding new national elections this fall.

Sadly, Moro wrote an epitaph for the *apertura*: "The Socialist Party drew back because it cannot conceive of a political line of its own that does not enjoy, directly or indirectly, the approval of the Communist Party. Today one cannot count upon the Socialist Party for the solution of Italy's political problems."

ISRAEL

Vale Atque Ave

In Jerusalem, halo-haired Premier David Ben-Gurion, 76, handed in his resignation for the eighth time in his 15 years in office. Israel was not unduly disturbed, since Ben-Gurion is as famed for resignations as for such other idiosyncrasies as standing on his head and advocating friendly relations with Germans. But what startled people and politicians this time was the fact that Ben-Gurion also gave up his parliamentary seat in the Knesset, an act that would leave him ineligible for future Cabinet office. Asked why, Ben-Gurion firmly replied, "Personal needs. I propose to keep them to myself."

Weary Chief. In fact, Ben-Gurion was weary of politics—and disturbed by a rising generation that questions his leadership. His Mapai Party was irrevocably split by the 1960-61 Lavon affair, which also tangled the army in politics.⁹ Ben-Gurion has continually

⁹ Israeli Defense Minister Pinhas Lavon was forced from office in 1955 on allegations that he disastrously bungled an Israeli espionage operation abroad, presumably in Egypt. Lavon pleaded that he had been framed by highly placed political enemies. He was finally cleared two years ago by the Israeli Cabinet, over Ben-Gurion's violent objections.

had to arbitrate disputes and pacify antagonists. Finally, he has nearly despaired of reducing the multiplicity of parties (15 in all), despite his argument that "if the U.S. with its huge population can get along with two parties, why can't we with only 2,000,000 people?"

"B-G" was not too weary of politics to hand-pick his successor: Ukrainian-born Finance Minister Levi Eshkol, 67, who has brought Israel from a hand-to-mouth economy to the point where its gross national product has risen an average of 11% annually over the past five years, and its dollar surplus is almost an embarrassment. Twice married but now a widower, Eshkol has four daughters, one of whom teaches dancing in Jerusalem, while another is a sergeant in the Israeli army. His new Cabinet strongly resembles Ben-Gurion's old one, and it is unlikely there will be any radical changes in foreign or domestic policy. A far more adaptable man than Ben-Gurion, Eshkol will probably govern more through compromise than by fiat.

Pet Project. The governmental transition might have been uneventful except that, sure enough, Ben-Gurion suddenly withdrew his resignation from the Knesset, on condition that he would only attend parliamentary sessions if he felt like it. Neither Eshkol nor the opposition politicians were too happy about Ben-Gurion's keeping his foot in the door. Now, should Eshkol falter or a crisis threaten, Ben-Gurion might charge back into office to save the country from alleged disaster.

Meanwhile, Ben-Gurion plans to live at the Sde Boker kibbutz in the bleak Negev desert and turn out books on everything from Jewish history to his own autobiography. He hopes also to further his pet project: the "cultural absorption" of Jewish immigrants from Asia and North Africa into Israel's predominantly Western society. Ben-Gurion argues that unless the Oriental Jews are educated faster, Israel may turn into a typically "indolent" Levantine state within ten years.

Avis can't afford thirsty radiators.

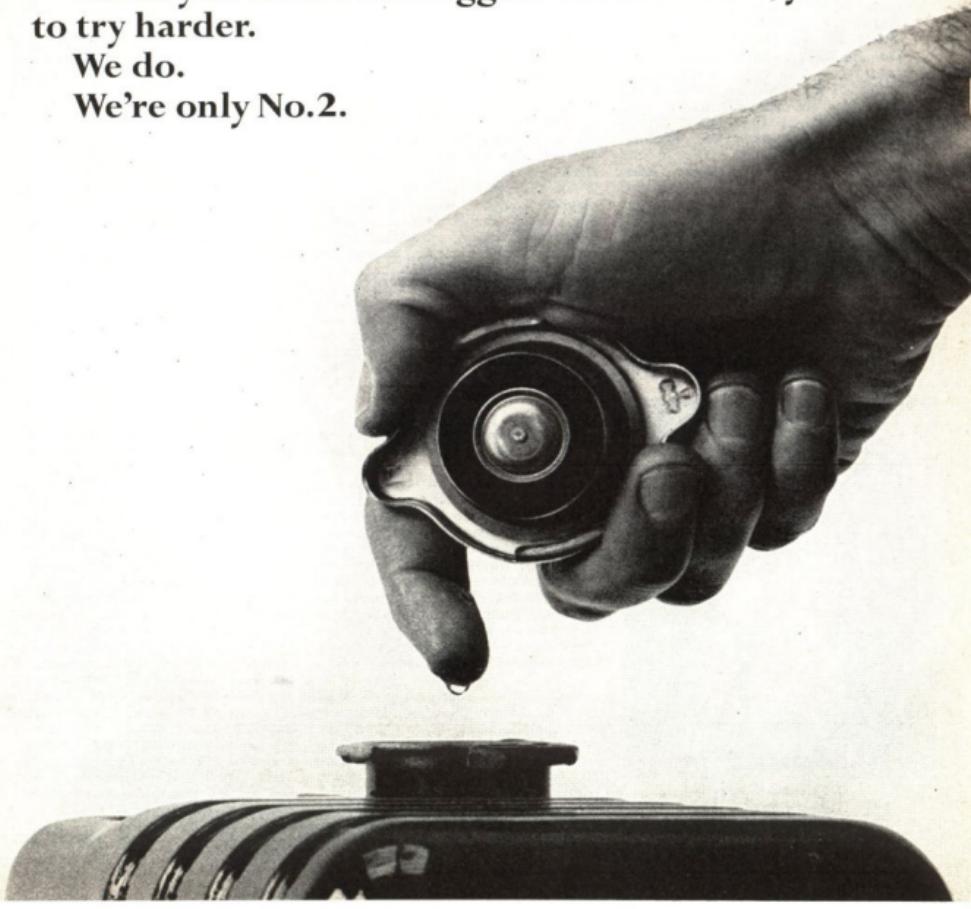
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PEOPLE

Excursioning to the Outer Hebrides with classmates from Scotland's stiff-upper-lip Gordonstoun School, bonnie Prince Charles, 14, stepped up to the bar of the Crown Hotel, Stornoway, manfully plunked down two and six-pence for a cherry brandy. It was grand fun until his royal bodyguard collared him, shooed him off to join the boys for dinner and a movie (*It Happened in Athens*, starring Jayne Mansfield). But since Scottish law sets 18 as the legal drinking age, that spot of brandy soon splashed into headlines, and Buckingham Palace—perhaps mindful that Britannia has waived the rules too often lately—left its heir apparent to the mercies of Gordonstoun Headmaster Robert Chew. Chew began chewing with: "The normal punishment for an offense of this kind is a beating or a demotion. The latter seems the likeliest of the two."

Cleopatra, still afloat after taking the salvoes of Manhattan critics, barged westward. "This lady," said Hollywood's Rosalind Russell at the film's Los Angeles première, "is one of the most remarkable fund raisers in the history of the world." It sounded like good news for 20th Century-Fox, but Roz, alas, wasn't talking about Cleo—she was talking about Mrs. Norman ("Buff") Chandler, 61, wife of the president of the Los Angeles Times-Mirror Co. To raise money for her pet project, a new L.A. Music Center, Buff peddled première tickets at \$250 apiece, raised \$1,094,403, bringing her virtuous fund-raising performance to a queenly total of some \$15 million.

"You never know what the next step will be," said former Vice President Richard M. Nixon, 50, describing his fling at flamenco dancing in Madrid. On a two-month tour abroad before

plunging into his new job with a Manhattan law firm, Nixon squired his family around the Spanish landscape, then—gathering material for two *Satellitepost* articles about international affairs—flew off to Barcelona for "a very pleasant interview" with Generalissimo Franco. At week's end the tourists were in Egypt for another round of business-with-pleasure, seeing Cairo, Aswan, Luxor, and President Nasser.

Together they founded the Newport Jazz Festival, but togetherness and all that jazz have gone up in smoke for Elaine Lorillard, divorced first wife of Tobacco Heir Louis Lorillard. In Middletown, R.I., Elaine and her two teenaged children by Louis were evicted from their rented Paradise Farm home. Louis had let the lease lapse. Mrs. Lorillard further complains that her \$700 monthly support payments have dwindled to a mere \$100 a month, and she can't locate her husband, who at one point last year got the electricity turned off, plunging Paradise into darkness. "I don't think I will ever serve dinner by candlelight again," she said ruefully.

Healthy, wealthy, submersible Department Store Scion Peter R. Gimbel, 35, is wont to prowl around the ocean floor (he dived to the sunken *Andrea Doria* in 1956, again in 1957) when he is not busy with his career as an investment banker. Now rising above all that, young Gimbel joined a National Geographic Society expedition bound for the Peruvian Andes, early next month will parachute into the remote upper reaches (9,000-14,000 ft.) of the Vilcabamba range—an unmapped area never penetrated by outsiders and considered a possible site of early Inca civilization. Accompanying Gimbel on the three-month trip: Champion Parachutist Jacques Istel, 34.

She looked pretty enough in starched whites to be doing a guest shot in one of those TV dramasurgeries. But Kathryn Crosby, 29, Bing's second wife, was playing the part for real. With Der Bingle out front for a change, the missus took stage center to receive a diploma from the Queen of Angels Hospital Nursing School in Los Angeles. Already an actress, model, student pilot, and mother of three little latter Crosbys, busy Kathryn plans to continue her chores at Queen of Angels as a graduate nurse without fee. "I love it," says she, "and it's hard for hospitals to get nurses who will work as cheap as I."

Debuting as a contributing editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, Best-Dressed Beauty Mrs. Loel Guinness, 48, brightened the current issue with a piece titled "Gloria Guinness on Elegance." What's elegance all about? Well, her list of examples, reading like half a dozen extra choruses of Cole Porter's *You're the Top*, offers



MRS. GUINNESS
Who's the top?

the palm to such persons and things as the philosophy of Plato, the Ferrari automobile, Tolstoy, the Place Vendôme in Paris, Charlie Chaplin, Shakespeare, the skyscraper, the model T Ford, and Gary Cooper. Noticeably absent was Mrs. Guinness herself—who is about as elegant as they come.

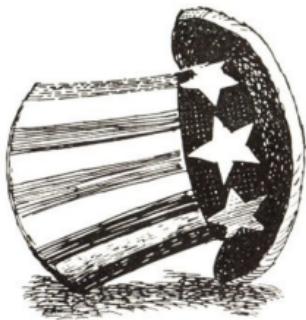
World War I Flying Ace Eddie Rickenbacker, 72, now board chairman of Eastern Air Lines, spoke to a conference of mutual casualty companies in Miami Beach, winged off with some jet-propelled gibes at the U.N. ("The worst catastrophe that has hit the free world since World War II . . . Let's sever relations with all those hypocritical blackmailers"); the Alliance for Progress ("In five years there will be a thousand more millionaires in South America, in ten years this will simmer down to a few hundred multimillionaires . . . all of which is your money"). And finally: "Why do newspapers dignify Khrushchev with the title of Premier, Castro with the title of Premier or Doctor? Why not call them by their right names—'rats,' 'pigs,' 'liars' and 'murderers?' "

Quite a send-off, and nothing secret about it, was the Washington garden party given by CIA Director and Mrs. John McCone, one of many recent parties in honor of Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric, 56, retiring soon to return to private law practice in Manhattan. Some 120 bigwigs came to dine and dance amidst the greenery, all members, said McCone, "of an exclusive club, the Gilpatric Club." Asked by his host what he and pretty wife Madeline will do with themselves when they've left the New Frontier behind, Gilpatric answered with an apt quote from *King Lear*: "We'll live, and pray, and sing, and tell old tales . . . and hear poor rogues talk of court news."



THE NIXONS IN PORTUGAL
What's the next step?

Whatever happened to Uncle Sam?



You remember Uncle Sam, don't you?

Quite a man was Sam.

There was a lean, hard look to his face, the kind of look that even whiskers didn't soften much.

And a steely sort of look to his eye. (We used to wonder if the artists who first drew Uncle Sam somehow had the American Eagle in mind.)

He spoke softly, but he carried a big stick. Other nations very early learned they couldn't get away with any monkey business when they dealt with Uncle Sam.

He stood squarely for what America was—both feet rooted firmly in the soil and toil of American tradition.

No one ever knew for sure just where Uncle Sam came from.

Some think he rode with Paul Revere.

His feet bloodied the snow at Valley Forge.

He was looking on when they signed the Declaration.

He stood with Lincoln at the crossroads of a nation's destiny.

And wept a strong man's tears with Lee and Grant at Appomattox.

He went "over there" with Pershing and the boys.

He thirsted and bled and endured with those who made the long march called "Bataan."

He was there at Bastogne when they wrote another American saga with the single word—"Nuts!"

He wept again with all of us on the V-Days that signaled the end of a terrible threat to our country.

Yes, quite a man, Sam. Our kind of man. The kind we need so desperately now to keep our country strong and alert and tough and independent and honest with itself and with its world.

But what has happened to him? Where has he gone? Have you felt him around recently?

No. He for sure was not at the Bay of Pigs.

Whatever the reason, Uncle Sam as we knew him is a little out of focus. Perhaps some of our new-day thinkers have sort of put him out to pasture as something we needed once but find a little old-fashioned now. Perhaps they don't feel comfortable with his gaze beating into their consciences.

We believe he's just waiting in the wings, thinking and watching, waiting to be called again because he is so deeply needed. We think it is high time Uncle Sam was brought out of retirement.

We Republicans want him back in action. Not because he belongs to us more than to any other good American. But because he needs a place to live and think and speak and work. Because America needs him and our party has a home for him.

 SEND YOUR \$10 NOW—Join the thousands of thoughtful citizens whose modest contributions are now building the Republican Campaign Fund to fight big Democratic money and win the next election. It will be used for more messages like this and for TV and radio when the race gets hot.

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Republican National Headquarters

1625 Eye Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Here's my \$10 contribution to the Republican National Campaign Fund to win the next election.

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You will receive a personalized card and "Battle Line," the official biweekly Republican newsletter.

The Republican Group to bring back Uncle Sam



McLouth's pulled the stopper on a better method for cleaning steel

For years, hydrochloric acid has been known as a great steel cleaning agent. Now McLouth has developed a new "tower shower", a pioneering technique that uses this powerful solvent to put a faster and more precise final "pickle" on steel. No more soaking in open tanks of sulphuric acid; we spray our steel clean, inside long shafts built into an 18-story tower. It's sort of a vertical car-wash that gives us greater control and safer operations inside the plant—and provides a cleaner surface on steel. So once again, McLouth is first with a new steelmaking idea that brings better products to our customers faster and more efficiently.

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MUSIC

JAZZ

The Beautiful Persons

They stare at the bandstand in monkish silence, nodding sagely to the rhythm of drums and bass. Every song is a séance for them, and they listen with every muscle. They are devout, transported, almost cataclytic, and when the music stops, there is a little lost moment while their eyes blink and they heave the sigh of the far voyager come home. Then they smile approvingly and say, "Yeah!"

Cultural Death. In the years since innocent Ira Gershwin wrote *Little Jazz Bird*, the jazz audience has changed even more remarkably than the music it worships. The 50 or so shrinelike nightclubs across the U.S. that book nothing but modern jazz combos are ghostly reminders of the lost swing and jump clubs. There is none of the throb-bing, wailing excitement that jazz grew up on, and very little of the old, wild fun. The ennui flows like wine in the new midnight world (no one would dream of dancing), and the hush is nearly deafening.

Mystics, beatniks, hipsters, junkies and musicians out of work form the fringe of the modern audience—together with simple jazz fans. But at the core of things are the intense jazz snobs whose twin occupations are fawning over musicians and playing it cool—the true believers who put Miles Davis up in the Kahlil Gibran class because he "has feeling," or else down in the Count Basie class because he makes money. In their tame argot, jazz musicians are "beautiful persons," and so, by osmosis, are they.

Out in the sunshine, a beautiful person may greet life with a puzzled squint, but he can stay secure in jazz merely by reading *Down Beat* magazine, calling all the players by their nicknames, and taking pains to dig only the right musicians. Today, one good word spoken for Louis Armstrong spells cultural death. John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman and Thelonious Monk are the musicians to admire—it doesn't really matter that they are also the best.

Just Beer. In most clubs where jazz is played, the audience infuriates the waiters by drinking next to nothing and hissing "Sssshhh!" at everybody by way of proving that they are present on serious business. "I drink occasionally but more than beer would interfere with my listening powers," says a beautiful person who studies at Shelly's Manne Hole in Hollywood. "The music can't consume you if you're talking or boozing."

Consumed or not, few jazz disciples know much about the music. Since they are given more to worship than appreciation, they seldom develop an ear—only an attitude. Often, as in his current series of seminars at Manhattan's Five Spot, Monk, for one, will spend a whole night horsing around on his piano while



A CONTEMPLATION OF MONK AT THE FIVE SPOT

Tickle, tickle.

his sidemen accompany him with all the enthusiasm of cops frisking drunks. On other nights he plays brilliantly and the sidemen follow with insight and devotion—but the applause is just the same, Monk's audience is far too devoted to him to worry about his music.

Dreams of Aid. Older musicians complain that the new, cerebral audience has taken all the joy out of jazz. "The extreme hips try to contemplate jazz rather than enjoy it," says Drummer Shelly Manne. "The audience isn't participating any more. They don't even tap their feet." Foot-tapping, of course, is unthinkable to those engaged in metaphysical seeking. "In me, jazz causes a great inner stirring," says an extreme hip. "It's an inner satisfaction unlike anything else. It's exciting, but more. It's a feeling like being tickled."

Few beautiful persons will even admit to that mysterious tickling sensation—they insist that jazz is just the cup of tea for a true intellectual out on the town for a little cerebration. But the tickling has always been strongest down where the libido lives, and however cool jazz may be, its rhythms and spirit are still sexual; the libido gets a chance to float around in the dark.

Real Ambassadors. The cool ones have spawned a whole school of sober-sided musicians who mistake the trancelike atmosphere of the nightclubs for concert-hall attentiveness. Their ambition is to brighten up jazz's image. Saxophonist Paul Winter, who came on the scene with a White House concert, is among the many who think that the presence of booze and dark lust in the nightclubs is harmful to their art. Winter, who figures that jazz musicians can be of greater help to the world's teetering countries than Peace Corpsmen or even helicopter pilots, wants them to clean up their lives for the great leap into diplomacy. "Jazz is one of the few

hopes the free world has left," he says earnestly, "and what could be of real help everywhere is a Jazz Corps!" The jazz audience, in large part, agrees, insisting that its musicians have been "the real ambassadors" all along. Jazz thinkers, quick to catch the drift of such talk, are constantly dreaming and demanding that jazzmen start getting some fast federal aid.

This is disastrous talk. The kind of committee approval and lukewarm acceptability required by federal grants would surely be fatal to jazz; it would force jazzmen to go to work for squares. Gone would be the blue lights and the old naughtiness. George F. Babbitt would be right there, tapping his foot.

RECORDS

Spinning Statistics

Just ten years ago, 340 singers of classical song were pleased to find their names in the roomy pages of a catalogue called the Schwann Artist Listing, which named all available LP phonograph records according to performer, from Licia Albanese to Silvana Zanolli. Many of the 340 have long since been weeded away, but in the new Artist Issue out this month, 97 squinty-type pages are devoted to the recordings of 2,330 singers, from Bruce Abel to Erich Zur Eck.

The vinyl age that has produced such a blossoming has as its sole historians Cataloguer William Schwann and his three assistants. The earnest list makers also publish a monthly catalogue of recorded music; most issues contain about 500 new releases, and record buyers feel understandably anachronistic if they own anything older than last month's book. But the nature and scope of the revolution in musical taste are best seen in the Artist Issue, which Schwann first published in 1953 and has

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DELTA
the air line with the BIG JETS

put out five times since. It is a revolution of expanded taste as much as refined taste and the musicians' accomplishments, so far as Schwann is concerned, have strictly numerical value. A good recording gets the same credit a bad one does, just as an entire opera is accorded no more space than Great Themes from Old Vienna. Comparisons between the last two issues show:

- **SINGERS.** Joan Sutherland, Birgit Nilsson and Leontyne Price had only twelve listings among them three years ago; now they have 53, one less than Renata Tebaldi has all to herself. Tebaldi is still the most recorded soprano, but Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is gaining fast and will soon pass her. Maria Callas, who has not done much singing from opera house stages in the past three years, has had eight new recordings issued anyway. Rudolf Schock made the biggest gain among tenors (14 to 38), but it must give him an edgy feeling to see that Enrico Caruso, silent these many years, is right behind him, having posthumously grown in popularity from 20 to 36, thanks to reissues of old recordings. Mario Del Monaco is the most recorded tenor with 39, Fernando Corena the most recorded basso (38), and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with an astonishing jump from 46 to 82 recordings, the busiest baritone.

- **INSTRUMENTALISTS.** Of the 1,213 instrumental soloists Schwann lists, most are pianists (452), but curiosity seekers may dig out the name of Bruno Hoffman—the one and only glass harmonica virtuoso. Along with lonely exponents of the virginal, the psaltery and the *oboe d'amore*, there are 166 violinists, 88 organists, 73 harpsichordists, 64 flautists and 56 cellists listed, each count a statistical gain over 1960. Walter Giesecking and Sviatoslav Richter are the leading pianists, with 46 recordings each; Richter had only 19 three years ago, and, having made the biggest jump of any instrumentalist, he is now being denounced as a musical prostitute for turning out such a long and uneven list of recordings. David Oistrakh is beginning to slip from record shelves, but with 70 of his recordings available, he still has nearly twice as many as Jascha Heifetz, the next most popular fiddler. E. Power Biggs leads the organists, and the cellist with the largest recorded repertory is Janos Starker.

- **CONDUCTORS.** In 1953, 468 conductors could be heard directing 304 orchestras; now there are 903 conductors for 590 orchestras. Eugene Ormandy, with 144 recordings (mostly with his own Philadelphia Orchestra), is the leading conductor, but Antal Dorati, with 48 recordings in the last three years, is coming up fast and now has 126. Other conductors who have added appreciably to their recorded repertory are Leonard Bernstein, Otto Klemperer, George Szell and Robert Whitney, whose Louisville Orchestra is the most devoted recorder of contemporary music in the U.S.



CATALOGUER SCHWANN
From Abel to Zur Eck.

- **ORCHESTRAS.** Despite the new prominence of American symphony orchestras, the groups with the longest string of recordings are all European—more of a testament to the economic attraction of making records in Europe than to a demand for European excellence. The Vienna State Opera Orchestra and London's Philharmonia Orchestra have nearly 400 recordings between them, almost as many as the top four American orchestras together. In the U.S., the leading recording orchestra is the Philadelphia with 148; New York has 132, Minneapolis 83, Chicago 67, Detroit 60, Boston 52, and Cleveland 49.

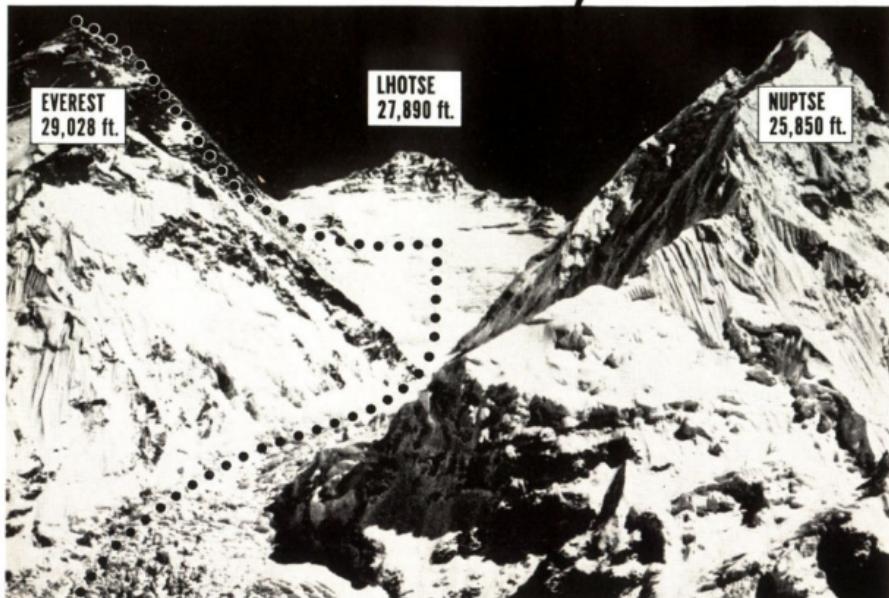
All this adds up to good news for music, but the most meaningful statistic of all is strictly for businessmen. The first Schwann catalogue listed eleven record-company labels devoted to classical music. The new one lists 733.

CONDUCTORS

When Calamity Knocks

One of music's finest old traditions is that young conductors must make their debut only when calamity strikes the maestro and leaves the podium bare. Last week at the Holland Festival in Amsterdam, Viennese Actress Paula Wessely had a nervous breakdown and Russian Cellist David Rostropovich had a heart attack, setting the emotional stage for the illness of Conductor Paul Sacher, scheduled to lead the Dutch Chamber Orchestra. Aging Conductor Pierre Monteux, 88, promptly appeared on the scene with his protégé in his pocket. "My pupil," said Monteux, "he's great. He reminds me of my own youth." New York's David Zinman, 26, a violinist at seven and a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory, then took the podium for his grand debut. In classic style, he gave an impressive performance. Flattered by a bouquet of consistently cheering reviews, his career was off and running.

MAY 1, 1963...



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To overcome the dangers inherent in high-altitude climbing and gather data important to science, this year's assault on the Roof of the World was planned with painstaking care. Hamilton Marine Chronometers—especially adapted to function in temperatures as low as 65° below zero—were used. They guaranteed precision-timing for studies of

human endurance . . . the weather . . . the Earth and our solar system. It is interesting to note that Royal-Globe was chosen by Hamilton Watch Co. to provide the insurance for these superb timepieces.

Royal-Globe is one of the largest and most respected insurance organizations in the world, with an outstanding record reaching back to 1845. Today, in the United States alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and over 18,000 agents fully qualified to write policies against all types of risk. *For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe!*



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SCIENCE



BATHYSCAPHE "TRIESTE"
Like lowering a pingpong ball...

OCEANOGRAPHY

The Search for *Thresher*

The job, said the weary oceanographer, is every bit as tough as "standing in a gale and fog on top of a building a mile and a half high and trying to lower a pingpong ball on a string into a tomato can on the sidewalk."

The job may be even tougher than that. Nonetheless, the U.S. Navy is determined to locate the sunken nuclear submarine *Thresher*, 8,000 ft. down on the cold, dark bottom of the North Atlantic. No wreck has ever been found or even seriously searched for at so great a depth. But for weeks a strange fleet of floating scientific laboratories has been cruising the choppy waters 220 miles east of Cape Cod, and this week the weirdest craft of all is being towed into range. The bathyscaphe *Trieste* is preparing to dive toward the spot that undersea snapshots have tentatively marked as *Thresher's* grave.

It is a suspicious "bump" on the bottom known as Contact Delta. Judged by its size and shape, Delta may well be *Thresher's* hull, crushed and mangled by water pressure. But getting a good look so that scientists on the surface can make sure has proved to be an elusive problem.

The Beast. Weeks ago, *Atlantis II*, of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, lowered "The Beast," a weird M.I.T.-designed rig. At the end of the Beast's 9,000-ft. cable, a small echo sounder measured its distance from the bottom. A pair of powerful strobe lights flashed at six-second intervals, and two cameras took pictures. In the eternal darkness at 8,000 ft., they needed no shutters; they merely advanced their film in time for the next flash from the strobes.

It was beastly work. Off Cape Cod, the Atlantic is a battleground for the warm Gulf Stream and the cold Labrador Current, and the weather veers from dim to foul. Strong subsurface currents swirl at unknown depths below. But the crew of *Atlantis* was both

skilled and lucky; photos taken a half-mile north of Contact Delta showed a string of debris on the bottom. The pictures picked out hundreds of pieces of twisted metal, a shredded copper cable, a half-pint milk carton standing peacefully right side up, and a white Navy coffee mug lying on its side. Nothing has yet been identified conclusively as coming from *Thresher*, but everything is clean and new-looking, and the metal is unburnished.

As soon as the first debris was photographed, all search ships zeroed in on Contact Delta. The research ship *Robert D. Conrad*, of Columbia University's Lamont Geological Observatory, dredged up 15 envelopes of gaskets, and the *Atlantis* found two broken pieces of battery plates. Both gaskets and plates are almost certain to have come from the lost sub. Latest pictures from *Conrad* show an air bottle of a type used on *Thresher* and a broken piece of pipe that was probably once a part of the sub's internal plumbing.

Trieste on Call. The Navy is reasonably sure by now that *Thresher* lies close by, under a small area of ocean marked by bright orange buoys. Hopefully, the *Trieste* will soon photograph the actual wreck. The depth will be moderate for the *Trieste*, which has already cruised to the bottom of the Marianas Trench off Guam, 35,800 ft. down, but the strong currents off Cape Cod are a serious threat. Though proof against water pressure in the deepest ocean, *Trieste* has feeble propulsion. She can creep only four or five miles at about 1.4 m.p.h.; during the 45 minutes that it will take *Trieste* Skipper Lieut. Commander Donald L. Keach to guide his strange craft to the bottom,

* Just such a break, concluded a Navy Court of Inquiry last week, probably sank the *Trieste* by flooding the engine room with sea water.



AIR BOTTLE ON BOTTOM
... a mile and a half in a gale.

unexpected currents may carry her out of sight of the sunken submarine.

If *Thresher* eludes both *Trieste* and the oceanographers' instruments, the Navy has one more ace up its gold-braided sleeve. It has worked out a scheme for scuttling the decommissioned submarine *Toro* near the place where *Thresher* sank. As *Toro* settles through the water followed by sonar beams, she will tell how the currents affect a sinking submarine. Her crushed hull lying on the bottom, its position pinpointed, will tell the dogged Navy, as it continues its search, what *Thresher* should look like to oceanographic instruments.

ELECTRONICS

Death to Death Rays

The problems and powerful potential of the split atom already seem old hat; laser is now the word for the future in half the world's laboratories. The almost magical optical-electronic devices are said to be sparkling with more possibilities than scientists can begin to count. But Austrian Physicist Hans Thirring gets particularly exasperated when loose talk conjures up images of long-distance death rays capable of killing incoming missiles, or of laser light broiling earth-side cities from bases on the moon.

Familiar pictures of lasers burning holes in diamonds (TIME, April 20, 1962) are no proof at all of death ray capability. Such feats, Thirring protests in Britain's *New Scientist* magazine, are accomplished by concentrating a powerful flash of laser light on a tiny area by means of a lens. It is a nice trick in a laboratory, but warheads plunging down from space hardly can be expected to carry lenses to expedite their own destruction. To fuse a steel casing weighing 100 lbs. would require a laser light strong enough to deliver 807 kilowatts of energy to it for a full minute. If the beam were to hit the warhead 30 miles above the earth, it would be spread out so much that only 0.5% of its energy would be effective. Thus the power of the whole beam—even without allowing for dimming as it passes through the atmosphere—would have to be 161,400 kilowatts, enough electricity for a city of 1,000,000 people and about 100 billion times the power of existing lasers.

Laser death rays would need even more power if they were based on the moon—where power is in short supply. Dr. Thirring figures that after traveling from the moon, even the best-focused laser beam would cover a circle on the earth two miles in diameter. Even the light of a 1,000,000-kilowatt moon-based laser would increase the natural sunlight on this large area by only 10%. To do appreciable damage to one earthly city would call for a lunar powerhouse many times larger than any that has ever been built on earth.



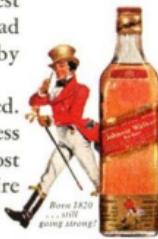
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Color won't help you. Whether a Scotch is lighter or darker has no connection with smoothness.

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"A major new contribution in this category—and to the betterment of aviation—is Cessna's new four to six place Model 336 Skymaster."

... Leighton Collins, Editor, AIR FACTS

"The newest thing in thirty years. I witnessed the start of the flow of an entirely new kind of flying machine, one which will dot the skies for years to come and open up multi-engine flying as never before. And, too, I experienced in the Skymaster the greatest feeling of security I've ever known in an airplane."

... Max Karant, Editor, The AOPA PILOT

(Official magazine of the Aircraft Owners & Pilots Assn.)

"There's a new term in general aviation: 'Center-line thrust.' It's not just a technical term that should be relegated to the aeronautical dictionary nor is it a gimmick from the fertile imagination of sales and promotion specialists."

"I spent part of two days flying Cessna's new Skymaster and I'm not only impressed, I'm enthused. This airplane should be one of the most significant new developments in recent general aviation history."

"The Skymaster was born as the result of four deceptively simple requirements listed in a memo from management several years ago:

1. They wanted what they called a 'light-light' twin.
2. It must have flight characteristics comparable to any single-engine Cessna.
3. It must have performance comparable to any competitive twin.
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"The answer was 'Center-line thrust,' a new term meaning that both engines are mounted in a straight line. This Skymaster design of one pulling and one pushing substantially eliminates

the training necessary for multi-engine flying by eliminating the 'moment of truth' when the pilot faces the most difficult situation usually associated with a twin—loss of one engine. The Skymaster goes straight on, as if nothing happened. The sound changes, but the most positive indication is a little red light on the handle of each propeller control. The light immediately tells the pilot which engine has lost thrust. Then the pilot can safely take his own sweet time correcting the situation—even during takeoff or landing! For this reason, single-engine pilots can be multi-engine pilots (Center-line thrust, that is) with only a little checkout, one concerned with familiarization with dual controls and general flight characteristics.

"The Skymaster even looks like a single-engine plane from inside. As a pilot familiar with most of the conventional twins, I was impressed by what may seem to be little things. For example, taxiing is much easier. Taxiing conventional twins requires jockeying the throttles for the left and right engines, a technique that takes practice and saves the brakes. It's totally unnecessary in the Skymaster."

"Takeoff is as simple as with a single-engine airplane—simpler, actually, because there's no torque, and you can keep your feet flat on the floor. The props turn in opposite directions and cancel out the torque for each other."

"I flew much of the time at about maximum gross weight. Despite its high wing loading (19.4 lbs./sq. ft.), the Skymaster 'floats' on landing much like a 172."

"I did touch-and-gos with one engine windmilling, and took off from a standing start with the front engine feathered, flew the traffic pattern and landed. It just took a little longer to get up to 80 m.p.h. for takeoff, but once we did we climbed right out on the one engine at 500 f.p.m. at 100 m.p.h."

"Rate of climb on both engines is just over 1,300 f.p.m."

"We flew over a measured two-mile course four times at treetop level to get an accurate reading on top speed and cruising speed. Actual altitude was 1,040 ft. above sea level. The high speed runs were made at 27 inches manifold pressure and 2,800 r.p.m. and averaged 185.7 m.p.h. ground speed; indicated airspeed was 188.

"A round-trip cross-country flight at 7,500 ft. at 72% power (Cessna's figures are based on 75%) averaged 176.5, or 3.5 m.p.h. faster than Cessna claims. Cessna gives service ceiling as 19,000 feet and optimum range (with auxiliary tanks) as 1,240 miles.

"The Skymaster is listed as four-place, with optional seating available up to six. In level flight, visibility is quite good. The front seats, in addition to being unusually comfortable,



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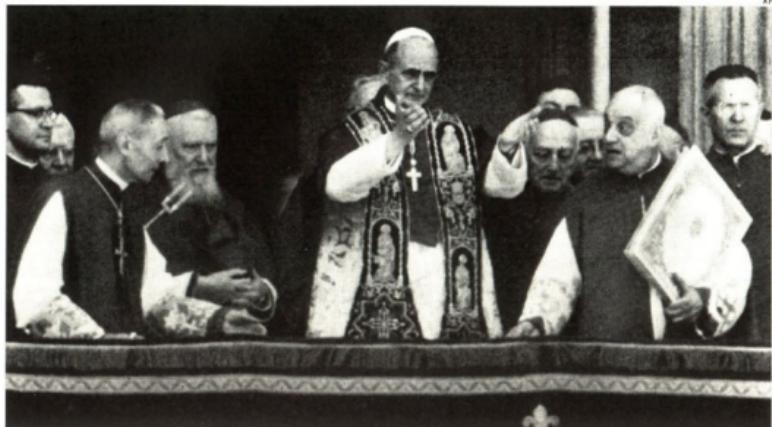
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CESSNA



PAUL VI GIVING FIRST PAPAL BLESSING AT ST. PETER'S

A complex man, the workers' archbishop as well as Christ's chairman of the board.

THE PAPACY

The Path to Follow

(See Cover)

By midmorning a crowd had filtered into St. Peter's Square and clustered beneath the windows of the Apostolic Palace. It was only the second day of voting by the 80 cardinals who had gathered there to name Pope John XXIII's successor.⁹ But no one anticipated a long conclave—and the expectations were not wrong. At 11:22, smoke began billowing from the rickety metal chimney that led upward from the Sistine Chapel, where in a ceremonial stove the used ballots were burned. Twice the day before, a few puffs of white had first appeared, but then the smoke had turned a disappointing black—the signal that no Pope had been chosen. This time there was no mistake: the smoke was white—*bella bianca*. Moments later, the Vatican Radio, which during the 1958 conclave had twice broadcast premature election bulletins, joyfully confirmed the news.

Only six ballots had been needed; all Rome knew then that the election could only have gone to one man. Within an hour, the crowd in the square had swollen to more than 100,000, and every Roman street west of the Tiber was hopelessly snarled with traffic. When Alfredo Ottaviani, Secretary of the Holy Office and senior Cardinal-Deacon of the Sacred College, at last appeared on the central balcony of St. Peter's Basilica with a retinue of clerics, a vast roar came up from the crowd. "I announce to you tidings of great joy," he intoned hoarsely in Latin. "*Habemus papam*—we have a Pope. He is the most em-

RELIGION

inent and most Reverend Lord Cardinal Giovanni Battista . . ."

Ottaviani did not have to finish; with one voice the crowd shouted back the last name: "Montini! Montini!" Smiling broadly, Ottaviani completed his traditional announcement: ". . . who has taken the name of Paul VI." There were gasps and applause. Then, as the slight (5 ft. 10 in., 154 lbs.) erect new Pope, his white-cassocked figure almost engulfed beneath a broad red stole, stepped out to give his first blessing to the city and to the world, he was greeted by a thunderous shout that welled up from the sea of waving handkerchiefs. His graceful, austere gestures reminded many of Pius XII. One reporter commented: "He looks like he's been Pope all his life."

"**A Very Long Lead.**" Giovanni Montini, Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan, had entered the conclave a Pope—and defied tradition by coming out of it a Pope. He had been the odds-on favorite of journalists, clerics, and the betting population of Rome's cafés. He was, at 65, the right age. He was that all-but-impossible combination, a "liberal" Italian who was basically acceptable to both Curia traditionalists and non-Italian progressives. He had a desirable blend of ecclesiastical experience behind him: eight years in charge of Italy's largest diocese, following three decades of efficient, unobtrusive service in the Vatican's Secretariat of State.

He had been a protégé of Pope Pius XII; yet he was also a friend of John's, and he favored the continuation of the Ecumenical Council. Montini, in fact, had almost too many qualifications—and Vaticanologists even found themselves double-thinking reasons why he would not win after all. Yet when the

cardinals marched in procession toward the Sistine Chapel last Wednesday to begin the conclave, there were whispers of "*il Papa, il Papa*" as Montini went by. The cardinal heard; he looked up in shock, and signaled for the bystanders to keep still.

What happened at the brief conclave of 1963¹⁰ is officially so secret that anyone who tells incurs an automatic excommunication removable only by the Pope. But a secret in Rome often seems to be like a public announcement anywhere else. From the start, says one of the cardinals, "it was obvious to everyone that Montini had a very long lead." Some progressives at first apparently voted for Leo Josef Suenens of Malines-Brussels and Franziskus König of Vienna, as a reminder to the conclave that the Bishop of Rome need not always be an Italian; perhaps they had also meant to nudge a few archeconservative votes toward Montini, as the least of the possible evils.

By the fourth ballot, late Thursday afternoon, Montini reportedly lacked only four of the 54 votes he needed for election. With the sixth ballot the next morning, the vote was nearly unanimous; the cardinals lowered the canopies above their makeshift wooden thrones until all but the one over Montini were collapsed. Approaching him, Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, dean of the college, asked in Latin: "Do you accept the election canonically raising you to the post of Supreme Pontiff?" Murmured Montini: "*Accepto, in nomine Domini [I accept, in the name of the Lord.]*"

Symbol of Unity. As Pope, Angelo Roncalli took the name of John, partly because it reminded him of John the Baptist, the precursor of the Lord, and

⁹ Missing were Quito's ailing Carlos María de la Torre, 89, and Hungary's Josef Mindszenty, 71, whose safe-conduct from the U.S. legation in Budapest is still pending.

¹⁰ The conclave that elected John XXIII in 1958 took three days; Pius XII was chosen in less than 24 hours.

of the other John, the beloved disciple and evangelist. Montini's choice was equally significant. "The name is a program in itself," exclaimed one Vatican cleric. Clearly, Pope Paul intended to recall the great Apostle to the Gentiles, who, said the editor of *L'Osservatore Romano*, is "a symbol of ecumenical unity, venerated by Catholics, Protestants and Orthodox Christians." It was St. Paul who internationalized the early church; it was Paul, through his dynamic letters, who gave universal scope to the teachings of the Nazareth carpenter.

Some also wondered whether Montini might not have pondered the lives of the five strange Pauline Popes who preceded him. The first Paul (757-67) was a zealous defender of theological orthodoxy who squabbled endlessly with the Byzantine Emperor on religious problems. The second (1464-71) was a carnival-loving Renaissance prince who tried to lure Russian Orthodoxy into union with Rome. The third (1534-49) was a reformer of sorts who gave his own son and nephews cardinalates, yet also convoked the great Council of Trent. The fourth (1555-59) was an unlamented inquisitor, who boasted: "Even if my own father were a heretic, I would gather the wood to burn him." The fifth (1605-21) was also a rigid doctrinaire, who fought bitterly with the anticlericals of his time.

The Call to Greatness. Paul VI is neither inquisitor nor nepotist nor Renaissance prince. Yet he is a strange and complex man whom few have been able to define with precision. Italian Banker Vittorio Veronese, a former chief of Italy's Catholic Action movement, says that he has "such a very rich personality that he is impossible to classify." Paul's friends claim that he combines the learning and intellectuality of Pius with the openness and reforming spirit of John XXIII. Critics point out that he seems to share Pius' imperious ways with subordinates and lacks John's instinctive warmth toward fellow men.

PALIZZI BORGHESE-VASARI



CARAVAGGIO'S POPE PAUL V
A war with anticlericals.

As an archbishop, he produced a series of clear, decisive pastoral letters and allocutions (see box); yet some of his subordinates say that his own policies were often dangerously fluid: "There was no follow-up, and experiments turned out to be mere episodes." He has been hailed as a distinguished administrator; yet his record in Milan can honestly be rated no better than fair. Appraisals of Montini range from "a great gentleman" and "a complete man" to "a Pacelli—twice over" and "a Hamlet."

Like Hamlet, Paul VI may be marked for tragedy. Yet friend and foe alike agree that he has within him the seeds of greatness. Now he has an awesome throne and title that call for greatness. "He can be a stronger Pope than he was a cardinal," says one Roman Jesuit. "The moment he has nothing to fear he will be better."

Quiet Charisma. Pius XII came from the lesser nobility of Rome, John XXIII from the peasantry of northern Italy. Paul VI is a bourgeois Pope, born to the comforts of Italy's middle class. His birthplace was Concesio, a country village near Brescia in northern Italy (and about 40 miles from Sotto il Monte, where Angelo Roncalli was born). The Pope's father, Giorgio Montini, was a lawyer and crusading journalist; his progressive political and social views were inspired by Don Luigi Sturzo, a near-legendary priest and sociologist who was one of the founders of Italian Christian democracy. Until Mussolini's Fascism put an end to free political action in Italy around 1924, Giorgio Montini served three terms in Parliament as a member of Don Sturzo's Popular Party.

Giorgio Montini's second son, "Gambattista," was a frail, ailment-prone child plagued by colds, who had to be educated privately after poor health drove him from the Jesuit school in Brescia. But at the age of 20, young Montini was well enough to enter the seminary of Sant' Angelo in Brescia. He was, then as now, somewhat withdrawn and bookish. One teacher recalls him as the best pupil he ever had, while some fellow students detected in him the quiet charisma of the born leader. "Never have I met anyone who had to say so little to establish his authority," a classmate recalls.

After his ordination to the priesthood in 1920, Montini was sent by the Bishop of Brescia to do advanced studies at the Gregorian Institute and the University of Rome. A year later, he took up canon law at Rome's Ecclesiastical Academy, where he was under the talent-scouting eye of Monsignor Giuseppe Pizzardo, the Vatican's Pro-Secretary of State (and now prefect of the Congregation of Seminaries). In 1922, Pizzardo gave Father Montini his first and only permanent diplomatic assignment abroad. Named secretary to the Apostolic Nuncio in Warsaw, Father Montini lasted only a few months of the Polish winter before his health again



MONTINI WITH PIUS XII
A cry of frustration.

collapsed. He was reassigned in the Secretariat of State as a *minutante* (document writer), and settled down to a career of diplomatic drudgery.

Watched & Nourished. Until the press of Vatican duties forced him to give up the assignment in 1933, Montini also served for ten years as spiritual adviser to the federation of Italian Catholic university students. It was a decade in which Fascism was making inroads into Catholic youth groups. Montini urged his students to stand firm but to avoid street battles with Black-shirt youth, and instead follow a course of nonviolence and noncooperation. After the threat of Fascist thuggery forced the federation to postpone one meeting, he tried to rally the downcast students: "If today we cannot go forward with flags unfurled, we will work in silence."

One day in 1930, the Vatican Secretary of State, Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, the future Pius XII, pointed Montini out to a friend and remarked: "I like that tense young man." Pacelli watched and nourished Montini's career, and in 1937 appointed him Substitute Secretary of State for Ordinary Affairs. Montini admired his lean, ascetic superior and worked endless, selfless hours for him. Yet, says one layman who knows Montini well, "he suffered strongly under Pius XII's authority. It was a sort of father-son relationship, and it created complexes in the son. He was never liberated by the father. I saw him cry once out of frustration at something Pius was doing."

In 1952, the Pope elevated Montini to the rank of Pro-Secretary of State for Ordinary Affairs. His opposite number was the older, more experienced Monsignor Domenico Tardini, who functioned as the Pro-Secretary for Extraordinary Affairs. In the division of Secretariat work, Montini handled the internal affairs of the church. Tardini the negotiations with diplomats accredited to the Holy See. In Rome, however, it soon became known that Montini was

really the man to see on papal business. During Pius' bouts with illness, Montini passed along the Pope's orders to the Curia—a situation that did the young priest no good in the eyes of certain veteran cardinals.

Marked for Destiny. Eventually, the warm relationship between Pius XII and Montini became somewhat strained. One reason, apparently, was their differing views of Italian politics: Montini at the time favored a Christian Democratic opening to the left; Pius did not. Certainly Pius did hear Vatican whispers, spread by Montini's Curial enemies, that the Pro-Secretary was "disloyal" to the Pope—and perhaps Pius believed them.

The new and cooler relationship between Pope and Pro-Secretary was apparent in 1953, when neither Montini nor Tardini was among the new cardinals named by Pius. The Pope explained that both men had turned down the offer; it was not quite that simple. Pius had first offered a cardinal's hat to Tardini, who refused it, perhaps because he had divined the Pope's true wishes, perhaps to checkmate his rival, Montini. Since Tardini had refused, Montini could only answer no. Then, a year later, Pius announced that Montini would become Archbishop of Milan, a post that traditionally carries with it a cardinalate.

Pius let Montini go without the expected red hat, but not without a moment of touching sentiment. Recalls the former French Ambassador to the Vatican, who was present at Montini's consecration in St. Peter's: "At one point in the ceremony, during a moment of absolute silence, a feeble voice was heard. It seemed to come from the heavens. From his sickbed, Pius XII was addressing a few words to his well-beloved son, who was becoming his brother in the episcopate. I have al-

A NEW PAULINE THEOLOGY

On Economic Justice: "The wealthier classes should recognize the respect by the church for private property in its essential forms . . . its constant, vigilant warnings on the moral and social dangers of selfish wealth, on the necessity of a more just distribution of economic goods. The social doctrine of the church has never denied the function of private enterprise, provided this does not damage human dignity and the legitimate aspirations of those who take part in the productive process."

On Peace: "The Vatican breathes the quiet of spiritual places. It does not know the struggle for material interests. Its supreme goal is to seek peace, to create peace."

On Unity: "We must desire to be able to welcome with honor and true brotherhood the separated Christians who would come to the threshold of their and our house, the Catholic Church. We must desire to understand them better and to appreciate anything which, in their religious inheritance, is still true and good."

On the Christian Message: "The Christian message is not a prophecy of condemnation. It calls to penance in order to call to salvation. It is not bitter; it is not ill-tempered; it is not discourteous; it is not ironic; it is

not pessimistic. It is generous. It is strong and joyful. It is full of beauty and poetry. It is full of vigor and majesty. Indeed, it raises the Cross: suffering, sacrifice, death, but to bring comfort, redemption, life."

The Mission of the Church: "It is the continuation of Christ, and therefore is similar to a voyage in which the church lives and develops and continues the work of redemption; and although it manifests all the features of a great and evident human phenomenon, it is not just human. It is a certain continued Incarnation of Christ. The title which St. Paul will vindicate unto himself, as a distinctive 'apostle of Jesus Christ, by the will of God' is more than a personal vocation: it is a special mandate. The first action of the apostle must be that of presenting to the world an admirable, attractive Christianity. The first testimony will be that of our unity, our mutual love, our interior cohesion. The second will be that we love those whom we wish to evangelize: this is the great policy of the apostle. It is not a conquest but a service. We shall not forget that the fundamental attitude of those who want to convert the world is loving it. This is the genius of the apostolate: knowing how to love."

ways thought that on that day, Pope Pius XII marked the destiny of Monsignor Montini."

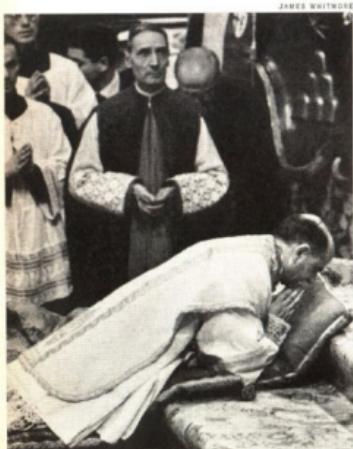
"Strongly, Divinely." When Montini journeyed northward by train toward Milan, with a black shawl over his knees and his personal possessions crammed into a borrowed suitcase, he had never been so much as a parish priest, and yet he was taking charge of Italy's most populous diocese. To the surprise of the city, the quiet Vatican diplomat became a pastoral whirlwind. He visited Milan's Communist districts, calmly asked for workers' suggestions as to where they would like their new church built. Greeted with jeers and catcalls, he would advance with a sad smile on his pale face, hand half outstretched. Again and again, even lifelong Communists would find themselves kneeling to kiss the episcopal ring. He befriended Milan's business community, yet he was also known as "the workers' archbishop." On his visits to factories, mines and office buildings, he always carried a portable Mass-kit in a briefcase—looking so much like a banker that Milanese irreverently dubbed him "Jesus Christ's board chairman."

To Montini, the church's task was to convert Communists, not combat them—and the weapons of conversion were spiritual. He invited Franciscan and Jesuit preachers to conduct Billy Graham-style crusades on Milan's streets, and in a city with more than 1,000 churches, added at least ten each year

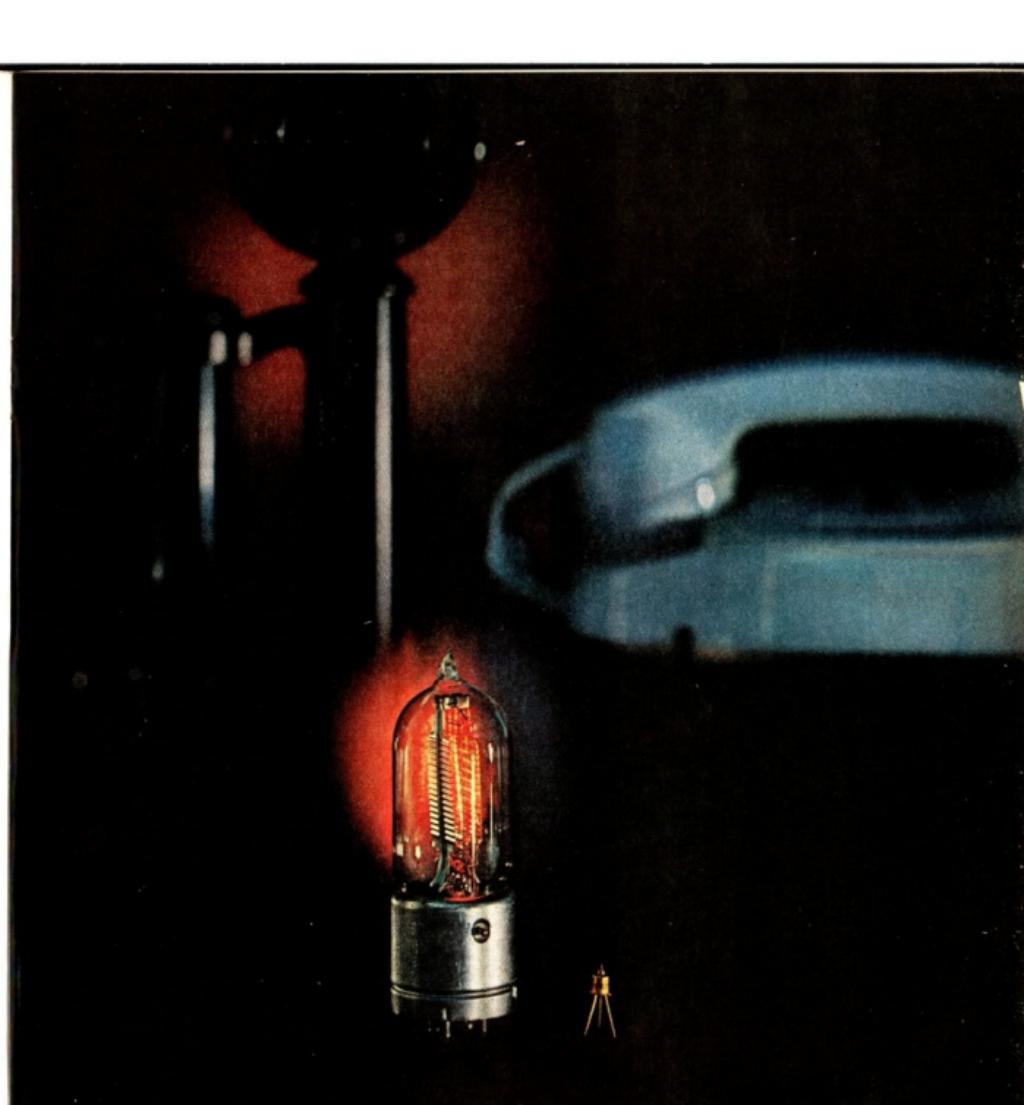
—primarily in the new suburbs. For Montini, the missionary task was to conquer through Christian love those "unhappy ones who gather behind Marx," to reassure them that, as Jesus "still loves them strongly, immensely, divinely," so the church supports "the profound need for a new and worthwhile life that is hidden in their souls."

The Sacred Purple. One of John XXIII's first acts as Pope was to call a consistory—and the name of Giovanni Montini led the list of new cardinals. A disciple of Pius, Montini became a close friend of John's—in France they called him "*Le Dauphin de Jean*"—and at the Pope's suggestion, he again began to take an active part in the church's diplomatic life. Among the foreign dignitaries he welcomed in Italy: France's Charles de Gaulle, in 1959. Invited to the U.S. in 1960 to receive, along with Dwight Eisenhower, an honorary degree at Notre Dame, he assured American bishops that a L'Observatore Romano editorial on the church's right to guide Catholic political thinking had no application to the fortunes of Presidential Candidate John F. Kennedy (whom he did not meet). Afterward, he visited South America, and last year he made a three-week visit to Africa, reporting back to Pope John on the church's problems in the Dark Continent.

Ironically, for all his diplomatic savvy, Montini was also responsible last fall for one of the classic blunders in



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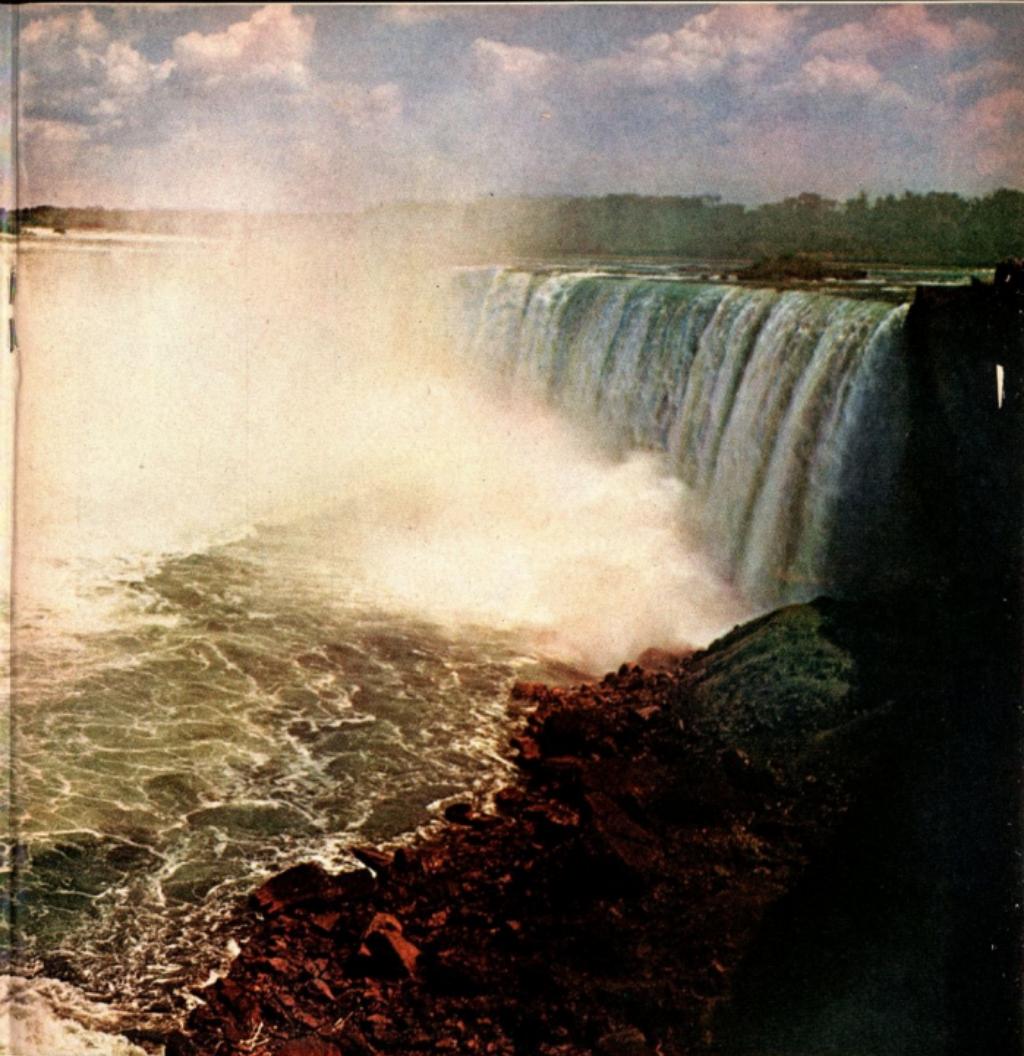
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modern church history. Acting on bad advice from Milanese students, he sent a wire to Dictator Francisco Franco, protesting a death sentence that had been meted out to a young Spaniard. Franco cabled back, noting that Montini's telegram had been released to the press before it had reached Madrid, and that the sentence had been imprisonment, not death. The Generalissimo's message icily concluded: "I respectfully kiss the sacred purple."

Where Wisdom Leads. Pope John took a more than usual interest in Montini's fortunes, and showered attention on him. Montini reportedly had a hand in preparing the papal keynote speech that opened the Vatican Council. He was the only cardinal from outside Rome who was given a suite of rooms inside the Vatican for the duration of the first session. Just as John kept away from the debates, Montini kept his own silence at the council, speaking out only once to condemn the conservative schema on the nature and authority of bishops in the church. He was also asked to celebrate the Pontifical Mass commemorating John's fourth anniversary as Pope, and was the only non-Curia cardinal to see the Pope during his final illness.

Shortly after his election last week, Paul VI told an old friend from the Secretariat of State that he hoped to follow the example of his three immediate predecessors: "Pius XI for his strong will, Pius XII for his knowledge and wisdom, John XXIII for his limitless goodness." There is no question of his willingness to pursue the course John took. At a funeral oration in Milan, he said: "Pope John has shown us some paths which it will be wise to follow. Death cannot stifle the spirit which he so infused in our era. Can we turn away from paths so masterfully traced? It seems to me we cannot."

Pope VI began following the path blazed by John with his very first actions as Pope. He renamed John's old friend Amleto Cicognani as the Vatican's Secretary of State, and Monsignor Angelo Dell'Acqua as Substitute Secretary. The new Pope descended to the grotto beneath St. Peter's to pray by the side of his predecessor's tomb. And in the spirit of John's footloose ways, Paul VI left the Vatican the day after his election—to visit Spain's ailing prime minister, Enrique Car-dinal Pla y Deniel.

Even more John-like in spirit was Pope Paul's first public address, delivered in Latin before the assembled cardinals in the Sistine Chapel. There he paid tribute to his predecessor and announced that his pontificate would be devoted to the completion of the great churchly tasks John began: the Vatican Council, the revision of canon law, "the prosecution of efforts, following the lines set by the great social encyclicals of our predecessors, for the consolidation of justice in civil, social and international life."

Pope VI promised to continue John's work for Christian unity: "The common aspiration to reintegrate the unity sor-

rowfully broken in the past will find in us an echo of fervent will and moving prayer." And he would work also for peace—"a peace which is not only an absence of warlike rivalries and armed factions, but a reflection of the order wished by the Lord, creator and redeemer, a constructive and strong will for understanding and brotherhood, a clear-cut expression of good will, a never-ceasing desire of active concord, inspired by the true well-being of mankind, an unaffected love."

Subtle & Strong. From his words and acts, it was clear that the new Pope had *aperturismo*—the sense of openness to the world. But Paul's *aperturismo* would not be John's. Angelo Roncalli was a warm and intuitive man, with a fatherly love of men rather than ideas. The new Pope, says one Spanish Catholic layman who has worked with him, "is a Gothic priest not only in physical appearance but in spiritual formation. He has a subtle intelligence and a strong hand." Subtle, strong-handed Pope Paul VI will unquestionably differ from John in his stand on the great questions that face his church:

- **THEOLOGY.** No theologian himself, John XXIII had an open mind about the work of such forward-looking Catholic thinkers as Tübingen's Hans Küng and Innsbruck's Karl Rahner; in his encyclicals he tried to find a new, less austere language of teaching that would speak to modern man. Montini, trained in the ways of scholastic thought, is more conservative by temperament, yet also seems to be tolerant toward the new. Through Augustin Cardinal Bea, he notified Scriptural scholars at the Pontifical Biblical Institute and Gregorian University that there would be no more arbitrary *monita* (warnings) issued by conservative theologians at the Holy Office.

- **CHURCH ORGANIZATION.** When Montini worked in the Vatican for Pius XII, reports one of his old associates, he wanted "to break up that closed club called the Curia." Although potentially a strong, even authoritarian Pope, Paul VI will unquestionably move to internationalize the central administration of the church, probably will give the bishops at the second session of the Vatican Council the same free hand that John allowed. Paul VI is known to favor the extension of episcopal authority and to promote such internal church reforms as more vernacular in the Mass.

- **CHURCH UNITY.** In his first speech, Paul VI seemed to speak of Christian unity in terms that non-Catholics quite understandably deplore—as a return by them to the "paternal house" in Rome. Nonetheless, Paul may not have meant it to have an imperious tone. He is known to favor serious discussions of Christian union by Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox theologians, has made a favorable impression on the Protestant churchmen who have met him. One of his first acts as Pope was to discuss with Cardinal Bea, chief of the Vatican's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, the state of Catholic-Jewish relations.

• **"OPENING TO THE EAST."** Most students of Paul VI's past record expect that he will be more cautious than John in promoting concord with Communism. "No cardinal is as open in this way as John was," says one intimate. Montini clearly intends to gather as much advice from his prelate friends as possible. He spent the afternoon of his election conferring with Vienna's Cardinal König. Pope John's principal go-between in the negotiations to bring Cardinal Mindszenty to Rome. Twice so far the new Pope has conferred with Ukrainian Archbishop Slipyi, whose expert knowledge of Communism comes from 18 years of Soviet confinement.



WITH EISENHOWER AT NOTRE DAME, 1960

PARIS MATCH



GREETING DE GAULLE IN ITALY, 1959
With diplomatic savvy.

ment, Rome does not expect a quick decision on whether Paul will follow this most controversial path charted by John. "When Montini starts speaking," says one of Rome's leading clerical editors, "it is first a laborious thing. Then he begins to warm up, and then all of a sudden he breaks into brilliant discourse."

If a man with some of Pius' capacity for discourse and some of John's openness is what the Catholic Church needs, then the cardinals last week could hardly have chosen better. According to U.S. Jesuit Theologian John Courtney Murray, the symbol of Pope John's brief reign might well be the question mark—a token of the new problems he uncovered and the puzzles he knew the church would have to learn how to solve. Paul VI, if all goes well, might end with a period as the sign of his reign: the symbol of answers found and given.

SHOW BUSINESS

ACTORS

The Mild One

People are endlessly wondering who will be the new Hemingway, the new Horning, the new Premier of the Soviet Union. But no one yet has been courageous enough to confront the ultimate question: Who will be the new John Wayne?

Steve McQueen, of course. He may not be quite as big, rough and ferocious as the cast-iron Duke, but he has proved himself worthy. He has displayed reckless fortitude by following Yul Brynner into battle in *The Magnificent Seven*. He was TV's Hessian head-hunter in *Wanted—Dead or Alive*, serving what he describes as "three hard mother-grabbin' years, but I learned my trade and it gave me discipline." His range is so breathtaking that he can play either a grim soldier, as he did in *Hell Is for Heroes*, or a buoyantly impish soldier, as he does in the forthcoming *Great Escape*. Above all, he is to most other movie actors what a young oak is to a pile of fagots.

He is a blue-eyed Pan with cropppy, disarrayed blond hair and lips that are pursed in a rubber grin. His overall look seems to say "Don't crowd me." There is a whiff of felony about him, but he is nonetheless a prototype American. With his wide ears and open face, he looks something like a young Dwight Eisenhower after sophomore year at San Quentin.

The Scam. His father, a Navy flyer, left home when Steve was a baby. "I loved my mother," says Steve, "but my stepfather was something else again. There were a few bad scenes, and you know, I was outta the hatch and runnin' the streets when I was 14." Steve's family sent him to Chino, a private

school for problem boys, outside Los Angeles.

When Steve left a year later, it was the end of his formal education. He shipped out on an oil tanker, worked in lumber camps, did a tour in the Marine Corps, worked as a sandalmaker, a delivery boy and as a carnal huckster. "We were selling these ballpoint pens," he says, "and man, they were worth like 16¢ apiece. And we were sellin' them for a buck. It was a full scam. My boss was scammrin' from the public, and I was scammrin' from him. Anyway, I gave it up. Why? My conscience got the best of me. You don't believe it? Well, that isn't exactly right either. You see, the guy got on to me. So I left."

Then one day in New York's Greenwich Village he was introduced to the director of Manhattan's Neighborhood Playhouse. With the help of the G.I. Bill, Steve won a scholarship to the Herbert Berghof Studio; later he went on to the Actors Studio. In 1956 he replaced Ben Gazzara in Broadway's *Hatful of Rain*.

In the same year he married Neile Adams, a dancer-singer in *Pajama Game*. On their way to the church, he and Neile were doing 100 m.p.h. when two cops stopped them. The fuzz officially witnessed the wedding. Today, on his frequent romps up the California coast, Steve guns his Jag up to 140 and keeps it there. But he is more than a domestic menace. He is a big-league racing driver too. Like Stirling Moss, he was once a paid member of the British Motor Corp.'s racing team.

"Slipstreamin' around a turn in the middle of the pack," he says, "is what separates the men from the boys. If you can't cut it, you gotta back out. That simple. Life's a lot like racing. I

used to want to charge right through the pack. Moss gave me some good advice: 'Stay loose. When you have to charge, be a smooth charger.' Dig?"

Brass Apple. Despite his hip talk, Steve McQueen would like people to think of him as a drab conservative. Expressing this, he once hung a sign on his motorcycle identifying its owner as THE MILD ONE. He keeps his motorcycle close by him—often parking it right in the middle of a movie set. When the Mild One finishes work, he departs in a shattering roar, bouncing over cables and scattering his colleagues in all directions. The noise affects everyone but Steve, since he is all deaf in one ear and half deaf in the other.

Now 34, he is making \$500,000 a year, has two children, a philosophy ("God is my kids, my old lady," green grass, trees, machines and animals), a mountaintop Hollywood home, and business interests worth \$300,000. In the language of producers, he is white-hot. He has just finished *Love with the Proper Stranger* with Natalie Wood, and he is making *Soldier in the Rain* with Jackie Gleason and *The Traveling Lady* with Lee Remick. "I got lost, a family, property, and I'm heading for the big apple," he says, stepping on the gas. "You know—the brass ring. Everything's cool."

PLAYWRIGHTS

Beckett & the Theater of the Concrete

Each time a Samuel Beckett play has a world premiere, the world turns a deeper shade of black. Once his people were hopefully waiting for *Godot*; later they crouched in garbage cans in *Endgame*; Krapp was moribund while listening to his last tape; then in *Happy Days*, the female lead kept sinking deeper and deeper into a mound. Now Beckett's characters have gone all the way to hell in a play called *Play*, which has just opened in West Germany.

Only the heads of the three actors could be seen. Their bodies were inside giant clay urns. Spotlights kept picking out the appropriate urn as the dialogue developed like this:

"Puffy face, tits, hanging cheeks, false blonde. I can't understand why he went for her. He had me."

"Ha ha ha ha. Can you see me? Why can't I be seen in this muddy light of hell?"

"We were all together (*burp*), pardon me, for such a short time."

Solemn Zeal. Unlike Sartre's *No Exit*, where hell becomes a perpetuation of emotions suffered in life, Beckett's *Play* presents its posthumans as essentially bored, driven solely by an excessive urge to repeat themselves, as they gradually spill out what proves to be a conventional story about a man, his

* His wife.



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THE DECEASED IN "PLAY"
Out of the urn in Ulm.

wife and his mistress. The urge is so strong, in fact, that the second half of the play is a verbatim recapitulation of the first half. Nonetheless, at the opening night curtain, a scattering of hisses and boos was obliterated by eager applause.

This might have been the reaction anywhere, but it was predictable in the particular community where *Play* opened, the ancient Danube town of Ulm, where the municipal theater rivals the famed Gothic cathedral as a source of civic pride. Most German cities and towns think of their municipal theaters as U.S. cities regard their libraries—a permanent and serious public responsibility. There are 130 in West Germany. Audiences attend them with solemn zeal for *Kultur*, a turn of mind that ignores entertainment for the sake of education. The result is a theater unique in the world.*

Independent Whim. Ulm's particular specialty has been the theater of the absurd, and absurdity—the existentialist-born notion that only the moment matters and the moment is meaningless—reaches great heights in Ulm, so great in fact that writers like Beckett, Jean Genet (*The Blacks*) and Eugene Ionesco (*The Bald Soprano*) are actually regarded as "old fuddy-duddies" by some residents. Beckett's new *Play*, in their view, has a plot and is therefore blighted.

They are coming to prefer something they call the Theater of the Concrete, experimental plays wherein the actors often take a spontaneous part in events as they develop onstage.

The script of one recent Ulm play consisted of words viewed through punch cards and spoken under orchestral direction. In another, actors mount-

* Says British Actor-Playwright Peter Ustinov: "Nothing is easier or better for a person's morale than having one of his plays produced in Germany. You are asked to write notes for the playbill, like those for a symphony, and in them you can say, 'The second act slows because here I mix Theme A with Theme C, resulting in a pace that approaches utter boredom.' Then the audience studies the program and at intermission you can hear them say, 'Ustinov is a genius. See! Here where he says it would be boring, it is boring.'"

ed the stage and began reciting the opening chorus, each at his own pace. "Come. Sit and stand. Lie down. Sleep. Lift, eat, drink and walk. It is light enough to see everything. Hear, talk, speak clearly, breathe, move. Toward, back . . ." Director Claus Bremer, 39, explains it all simply. "If there is nothing more today that is absolute," Bremer says, "then I would like nothing more to be formed onstage that is absolute."

"Stop, stop, stop," chanted one tourist audience in the midst of a night in Ulm. But Ulm's town fathers defiantly contribute 1,400,000 marks (\$350,000) a year to keep the theater happily independent of public whim.

TELEVISION

The Dead

The annual spring cleaning has been completed at the networks, and seldom has it been so thorough. Show after show is washed up—on the new and applaudable theory that TV is Novelty's Ville and a year is long enough for almost anything.

More than half the shows that were new last season will not return in the fall, including *The Jetsons*, *Going My Way*, *The Gallant Men, I'm Dickens—He's Fenster*, *The Lloyd Bridges Show*, *Stoney Burke*, *Our Man Higgins*, *Stump the Stars*, *Fair Exchange*, *McKeever and the Colonel*, *Ensign O'Toole* and *Sam Benedict*.

Oldtimers got it too. *The Untouchables* has been given the St. Valentine's Day treatment after four years. *Have Gun, Will Travel* and *The Rifleman*, six and five years old respectively, are headed for the last roundup. *Car 54* will soon be roughly three cubic feet of crushed scrap steel. *Naked City*, the fine semidocumentary on New York police work filmed in the city streets, is finished too. The last vestiges of live, prime-time drama, the *U.S. Steel Hour* and *Armstrong Circle Theater*, are also passing away. Moreover, all three college-level educational shows are leaving the networks: *Meet the Professor*, *Continental Classroom*, *The College of the Air*.

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MODERN LIVING

TRAVEL

Fit for a King

Monarchs, tyrants and oligarchs have over the ages nurtured oppression, sponsored scourges, incest and hemophilia. But they also taught the world the fine art of luxury, leaving behind them a landscape dotted with opulent castles, lodges and retreats no latter-day head of state (even if he could afford it) would ever be permitted to call home.

Today, their houses still stand. Some have been left to molder into drafty decay. But many of them have been updated with hot running water and good food, and have opened as inns. More and more tourists, tired of Hiltonia, have sought them out, willingly sacrificing a color telephone in every room for a sense of history and splendor. The best of the current batch of castle-hotels offer not only the built-in magic of a legendary site but also the charm of Old World prices—just the thing for a democrat who feels, as Toots Shor once observed of millionaires: "I don't want to be a king; I just want to live like one." Samples:

West Germany

► Schlosshotel Kronberg, ten miles outside Frankfurt, was built in the late 19th century by Empress Victoria of Germany. "Nothing should avert the eye," she instructed the architect, and nothing does. Surrounded by an extensive park through which an 18-hole golf course now meanders, the castle holds the empress' extensive library and art collection. Guests can scrawl postcards at Emperor Frederick III's personal desk. The hotel beds 60 at prices ranging from \$16 a day to \$45 (for a suite).

WILFRIED EHRLICH



SCHLOSSHOTEL KRONBERG

► Schloss Auel, 16 miles outside Bonn, was built at least six centuries ago, remodeled 400 years later. Napoleon slept there; his canopy bed, lengthened to accommodate the man-sized Emperor Alexander I of Russia during his stay, is still there. More recent guests include former West German President Theodor Heuss, Henry Ford II, and Margaret Truman. The hotel was recently expanded to 40 rooms, each furnished differently. Prices range from \$7.50 for a double to \$11.25 for a suite.

France

► The Hôtel de la Cité is set inside the medieval fortress city of Carcassonne, accessible both to the French Riviera and the Spanish Costa Brava. Built 120 years ago on the ruins of the former episcopal palace, it has 70 rooms ranging in price from \$6 to \$15 a day, including tax, service and breakfast.

► The Château de Mercuès, within easy distance of the prehistoric caves of Lascaux, lies 340 miles south of Paris on the main road to Biarritz and Spain. It overlooks the Lot River valley from a 400-ft.-high rocky escarpment that the Romans used as an armed camp. A medieval castle was built in the 11th century, became a British stronghold 400 years later. Behind the crenellations and conical towers are 24 rooms, half with bathrooms, ranging from \$5 to \$12, service included.

Italy

► The Tower of Cala Piccola sits on a promontory 100 miles up the Tyrrhenian coast from Rome. Built by the Saracens in the 13th century, the tower has been converted into a bar and restaurant, surrounded by secluded cottages, each with its own view of the sea. Offering near-total privacy, the tower draws those who seek escape from it all (last year, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton). Rates begin at \$20 a day.

► Villa San Michele, just outside Florence, is a converted 15th century Franciscan monastery whose façade and



NAPOLEON'S BED AT SCHLOSS AUEL
Out as home; In as inn.

grand loggia were designed by Michelangelo. Guests dine in the same refectory in which the ancient monks once broke bread. Its 32 rooms (all with private bath and telephone) run from about \$17 to about \$20 a day for full pension.

England

► Great Fosters, only half an hour from London, believed to have been built by Henry VIII in the 16th century. Its residents have included Henry's doomed queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth I and James I. Great Fosters' unique feature is its celebrated gardens, trimmed through the centuries by fleets of gardeners. Its antique atmosphere is further heightened by the formality of its more than 50 servants. The 22 guest rooms range from \$10.50 a day (for a single) to \$24 (for a double suite).

Scotland

► Sundrum Castle, five miles southeast of Prestwick, was built before the 14th century, remodeled into a superb example of an 18th century baronial mansion. Set on a wooded hillside, its 160-acre site affords excellent facilities for shooting and salmon fishing. Guests dine on the very spot where manacled prisoners were once thrown to ravenous barons feasted in an upstairs hall (now the ballroom). Its 24 rooms rent for a minimum of \$4.50 a night.

► Lochnaw Castle stands on the shores of its loch surrounded by some 90 acres of beechwood. Built in the 15th century, tiny Lochnaw can accommodate only ten guests, in rooms (two with baths) ranging from \$47 to \$77 per week.

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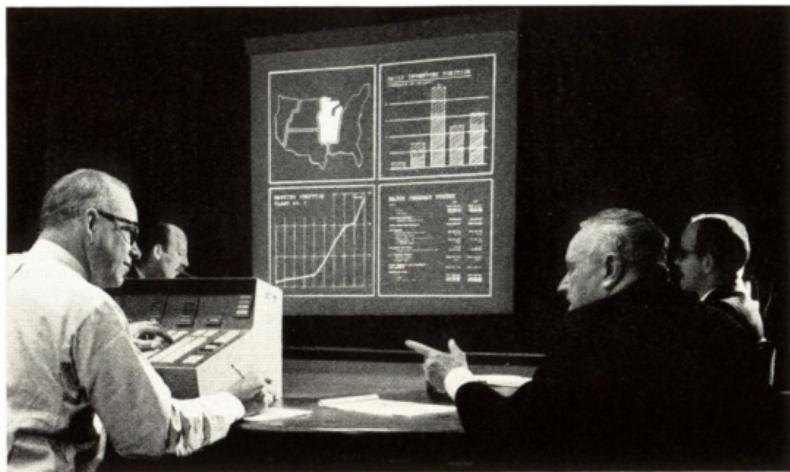
Love & Marriage: By the Book

Time was when some of the gamiest reading this side of Paris was to be found in the instructive pages of the marriage manuals. "In this little book," says the preface to the 1939 edition of *Married Love*, "Dr. Marie Stopes deals with subjects which are generally re-

GERRY CRANHAM



SCOTLAND'S LOCHNAW CASTLE



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FOCUS

Each week, TIME "positions" the news in clear, meaningful focus — to give valuable perspective to events past — to suggest the pattern of events to come.

garded as too sacred for an entirely frank treatment." Many a young heart thrilled with pleasant astonishment at Dr. Stope's revelation that "most women . . . do at times feel a physical yearning indescribable, but as profound as hunger for food." Generations of schoolboys have plowed eagerly through the verbal thickets of *Ideal Marriage*, whose author, Dutch Gynecologist Theodoor H. Van de Velde, could write: "As the grade and locality of stimulation are different, according to the relative position of the two partners to one another, so therefore the sensations arising from such stimulation vary also."

The Blessing. Such stuff was liberating in the old days of oblique advertising and plain wrappers, when books on sex were mostly designed to disclose the elementary mysteries of human reproduction. Most novels these days have far more explicit sex than this. Today's mating manuals are advertised in top-drawer magazines in full-page advertisements that would bring a blush to a Victorian bartender. New manuals are published constantly, and most of their readers are not nubile neophytes but experienced men and women, interested in the nuances and fine points of the game, apparently anxious to be more like the sexually superior heroes and heroines of the bestsellers (all fictional heroes have to be sexually superior these days, or they are not heroes).

Even the titles are different. The modern manual eschews Stope's love and Van de Velde's ideal and bears down hard on guilt, WHO IS TO BLAME FOR SEXUAL UNHAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE? probes the headline of a full-page ad for a book called *The Sexually Happy Wife*. Duty rather than pleasure keynotes a volume by Writer Maxine Davis: *Sexual Responsibility in Marriage*.

Some of the new books are solid, sober summations of the latest thoughts and theories on everything from anal eroticism to zygotes; others are hardly more than collections of sleazy case histories. The writing ranges from racy colloquialism to surgical asepsis. But either way, sex is being written about more—and more specifically—in the U.S. today than in any other part of the world.

Not only are the same old things dealt with far more directly, but the modern attitude toward various forms of sexual activity would jolt some of the most advanced thinkers of Stopeville. Masturbation, for instance, is no longer just a relatively harmless pastime—it is a blessing. Maxine Davis calls it "a benign measure for relief of tension under special circumstances." Clinical Psychologist Albert Ellis, in his widely read *Sex Without Guilt*, finds it "beneficial."

The Coat on the Chair. Sextop Ellis® also sees some virtues in adultery ("Some of us are able to benefit from adultery and some of us are not"), and

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Maxine Davis advises readers to be permissive about any touches of fetishism in their spouses ("If he likes to have his wife's beaver coat slung across a chair where he can see or touch it while making love, why not leave it there?").

The old image of the uninstructed man as a brute intent on his own heedless pleasure has long vanished. Keeping pace with latter-day psychology and sociology, man is seen now as a fellow who needs help himself. Writer Davis has a section titled "Calm the Groom's Fears." And Medical Columnist Dr. Walter Alvarez writes: "On the honeymoon, the bride may have to be the one who is kind and patient and understanding."

A major preoccupation is what Author Mary McCarthy has called "the tyranny of the orgasm." In contrast to the attitude of the 19th century lady who said, "I lie still and think of a new way to trim a hat," the unblushing bride of today, in the words of one case history, expects every night to be "like a Cape Canaveral countdown." Author Davis finds many modern husbands and wives harassed and unsettled by the notion that anything other than a mutual orgasm amounts to sexual failure. Writes she: "We have substituted new fears for old ones, new guilt for inherited anxiety."

Rather than mutual orgasm, most modern guides describe and counsel other methods as sometimes leading to "greater fulfillment" for the woman. In *The Frigid Wife*, Gynecologist-Psychiatrist Lena Levine cites numerous case histories of women whose sexual happiness was blocked by the belief that there was only one "right" form of sexual intercourse. "In this confusion," she says, "sexual coldness may develop." She advises numerous forms of stimulation.

A Single Standard. On balance, the sexual picture seems to be brightening—especially in the U.S. Dr. Levine thinks that "frigidity as a major problem for American women will disappear in the foreseeable future." Divorced people contemplating remarriage tend more and more to consult experts in order to avoid possible repetition of a neurotic pattern in the choice of a mate, and single women are breaking away from rationalizations of their spinsterhood—obligation to parents, waiting for "Mr. Right"—to obtain psychiatric help while still young enough for prospects of marriage.

"Side by side with this development," writes Dr. Levine, "goes a steady, if slow, trend toward the adoption of a single standard of sexual behavior for men and women. A key provision of that standard is pleasure for both, equal and mutual sharing of sexual satisfaction . . . However, there is much more to the single standard than this. The single standard means that infidelity will be condemned for one sex no more and no less than for the other. Premarital sexual experience will be judged on the



BEN HAWTHORNE



FRED EKLAND

VASSAR'S GEOLOGIST CHAPMAN

And also a charwoman in London.

same basis for both: if it is winked at when boys get it, it must be winked at when girls do the same. In short, both sexes will have the same information and set of rules."

YOUTH

Those Lazy, Hazy Days

Summer vacation! All through the school years these words once shone with dreams of long and lazy days—fish-jumping, hammock-reading, fun-filled days of time to do everything, and no need to do anything at all. But to contemporary boys and girls, summer means something else again. Even for the gold coast types with sports cars to burn, loafing is Out and working is In. "Once it was three wonderful months of clambaking and necking," a matron remembers wistfully. "The boys just had a good time and the girls helped them have it. Now they've all got to be off somewhere doing something."

"Everybody has a summer job here at U.C.L.A.," says Recent Grad John Wilkinson. "Anybody can just go to school," explains his friend Jeff Donfeld. "Now the prestigious thing to say is 'I go to school and I work in summer.'" Williams College Chaplain John Eusden describes the phenomenon as "a new, near-missionary zeal—very contagious. The students are extremely conscious of shortened distances, and the whole world is on their minds. They have a great sense of being a drop in the bucket, but they have a tremendous desire to use their talents, however meager. This is recklessness in the best sense."

On the Streets of Paris. The trend has been growing ever since World War II. At Princeton, for instance, 56% of the junior class had summer jobs in 1949; last year it was 75.5%. Of the rest, 7.9% spent the summer studying, 8.1% traveling, 6.6% in the armed forces, and only 1.9% doing nothing at all. At Williams, the percentage of summer workers rose from 58.7% in 1949 to 82.6% last year, and their combined earnings have

jumped from \$307,000 in 1952 to \$490,000 in 1962.

The girls are not just manicuring their nails either. A recent study of the students at the Seven Sisters (Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley) shows that last year six out of every ten were gainfully employed during the summer. This year some 300 will work in scientific research laboratories without pay as part of their training, about 75 will serve in Government internship programs in Washington. Many more will join traveling seminars in art, language and international affairs. Others like Vassar's future geologist, Diana Chapman will devote their summer to their specialty, and still others will be engaged in such mundane activities as hawking the Herald Tribune on the streets of Paris and being a charwoman in London.

Caterers & Couriers. U.S. students, in short, rack up a range of summertime experience that is a far cry from the old-fashioned lifeguard and learn-the-business jobs. Much of the student activity is being channeled into good works such as the Experiment in International Living, Operation Crossroads, the American Friends Service Committee, the International Association for the Exchange of Student Technical Experience and the Northern Students Movement. University of Chicago Students Jack Fanselow and Tom Burdick will spend their summer flying balloons in Manitoba to measure cosmic rays, and Harvard Senior David Crane has organized a mobile catering-bartending outfit staffed by fellow undergraduates. Last summer the relatively small student body of Williams (1,121) boasted a clambake caterer in Maine, a salmon fisherman in Alaska, a supermarket meatcutter in Maine, a mosquito inspector in New Jersey, a Pinkerton detective in Indiana, a labor union organizer in New York City, a toll collector in Buffalo, a CIA courier in Washington, and a groom for a string of race horses traveling between Maine and Delaware.

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

A Family Enterprise

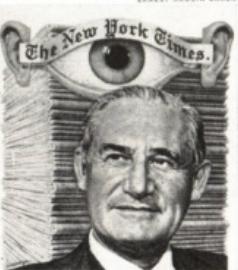
Tradition has it at the New York Times that for 65 years the chair set aside for the boss has had an invisible name plate bearing the legend, "Reserved for Family." It is a tradition that dates all the way back to the turn of the century when Adolph Ochs, a printer turned publisher, hocked his Chattanooga Times to take a flyer at running a paper in the big town.

What Publisher Ochs got when he bought the New York Times was a property that had been described precisely



ADOLPH OCHS

ERNEST HAWLIN BAKER



ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER

A Punch for the Times.

by a contemporary critic as "the most picturesque old ruin among the newspapers of America." Its circulation was an anemic 9,000 and it was losing \$1,000 a day. It took just four years of Ochs's energetic skill to get his purchase to show a profit.

Shaping the Age. Though much of his own attention was concentrated on the countinghouse, Ochs also had a talent for filling his editorial offices with some of the legendary greats of journalism. From 1904 to 1932, Ochs's news columns were controlled by Managing Editor Carr Van Anda, the sort of man who could decide for himself that Britain's great new liner *Titanic* was not as unsinkable as all the proud publicity claimed. While other editors doubted the authenticity of the first S O S, Van Anda concluded that *Titanic* was indeed sinking. He deployed his staff, and the Times's superlative coverage made newspaper history. With such talent to help him, Ochs built a great paper that

became the country's most reliable record of the world's daily changes.

Ochs had no sons, and when he died in 1935 it was only natural that his daughter Iphigene's husband should inherit command. Arthur Hays Sulzberger presided over the institution with a steady hand, nudged its editorial stance toward more depth in news coverage, more interpretation and background on the events shaping the age. When Sulzberger retired from active control in 1961, he and his wife picked Daughter Marian Dryfoos' husband Orvil to run the show. After Dryfoos died in May, Sulzberger had to choose his successor



ARTHUR OCHS SULZBERGER

again. And last week he picked his son, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger.

To Judy's Show. The new Times publisher owes his nickname, "Punch," to his father's uninhibited delight in composing light rhymes. When young Arthur was born, it seemed proper that he be linked in verse with his youngest sister Judith. As his father put it: "He came to play at Punch to Judy's endless show."

Schooled at Loomis and Columbia, and twice married, young Punch did two stretches with the Marines in two wars. He served as a cub reporter on the Milwaukee Journal and put in tours at three Times bureaus abroad for short, unnoticeable hitchets. He came home to handle chores for his father in the publisher's office—in-plant efficiency and civil defense—then took on the job of assistant treasurer. At 37 he leapfrogged to president and publisher.

If his on-the-job training is not yet complete, the new Times boss can count

on a seasoned hierarchy.* And Punch can certainly count on the support of the board. Presided over by his father, the board includes Punch himself and a strong family cast: his mother Iphigene, his sisters Ruth and Marian, and his brother-in-law Richard Cohen. Outsiders on the board include Vice President Bancroft, retired World Banker Eugene Black, and Carr Van Anda's son Paul. The family also holds two-thirds of the voting stock. Patriarch Sulzberger announced the masthead changes last week with understandable assurance. "It can be truly said," he said, "that the Times is a family enterprise."

Coexistence: The "Fashionable Disease"

For Western journalists who happened to read it, the snarls they got in the monthly magazine *Sovetskaya Pressa* (Soviet Press) were hardly a surprise. The author was Aleksei Adzhubei, editor of *Izvestia* and son-in-law of Nikita Khrushchev. Beware your Western colleagues, said the suspicious editor. They preach the preposterous idea that there can be a peaceful coexistence of ideologies.

Never fear, Aleksei hastened to add, "the inoculation of Communist ideas guards us safely from this fashionable disease." But does it? Aleksei, for one, seemed uncertain. The tongue-lashing he laid out for Soviet journalists was even more biting than he had managed for the West. Some of his reporters' symptoms concerned him; he was worried that the disease of coexistence was sapping their energies.

The Russian press had indeed been digging into economic stories, he said, but without enough analysis or concrete suggestions for improving the system. After all, he reminded his readers, they had a perfect journalistic model to copy: father-in-law's notes on farm specialization in Byelorussia.

The irate editor found even less to applaud in the coverage from abroad. Adzhubei ticked off his gripes: Russia's foreign correspondents are poor in foreign languages; they produce meditations "bordering on bourgeois objectivity"; they are punk photographers; they spend all their time cribbing from the bourgeois press. "Where, as they say, is the burning information at first hand?"

Where indeed? With defects so glaring, it would seem a wonder that anyone in Russia reads the papers at all. But Adzhubei was satisfied that he could at least count on his readers. In Russia, the "Soviet people have immense trust in their press and respect it."

* Only major change: the resignation of Vice President and General Manager Amory Bradford, who turned in an award-winning performance as spokesman for New York publishers during the long newspaper strike this year. He will be replaced by Harding Bancroft, an able lawyer and onetime diplomat who has been the Times's secretary since 1957.



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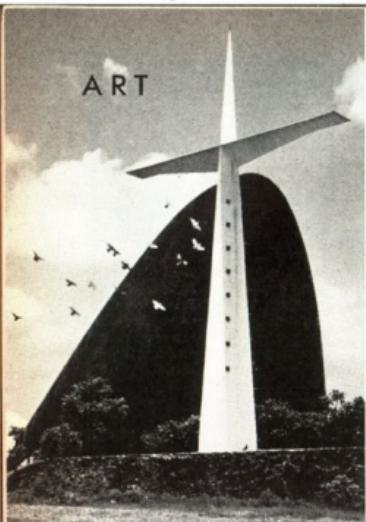


PHOTO BY JAMES M. COOPER

The Prisoner of Geometry

At 53, Spanish-born Félix Candela of Mexico is perhaps the most unassuming architect alive. About the closest he has ever come to immodesty is to say of his shell-like concrete structures and umbrella roofs that "this is the most functional architecture there is." His adopted country enthusiastically agrees. There are more than 325 buildings in the republic that are at least structurally designed either by Candela or by authorized agents of his firm. Probably 100 more have sprung up in the rest of Latin America, as well as in the U.S. and Britain. But of all of these, none has been more ambitious than the project that President Adolfo López Mateos himself will dedicate next month—the large Alcoa complex two miles from the sea in the port of Veracruz.

The roof of the largest building, which stretches tunnel-like nearly 1,700 ft., is concrete poured over short, cylindrical shell forms and troweled by hand. A second building is basically an airy vault—a 200-ft. structure with two rows of nine columns running along each side. Because of the constant salt spray in the air, a steel building would have wasted a fortune in maintenance, and, in any case, this structure in concrete costs about 20% less. But, as always, Candela will pronounce it good only if it works. "It will not be me but Alcoa that decides if it is good."

A one-time Spanish ski champion and soldier in the Republican army, Candela came to Mexico as a refugee in 1939. But it was not until eleven years later that he began experimenting with his shell structures and landed his first big commission, the Cosmic Ray Pavilion

in University City. Since then his umbrellas and shells have popped up everywhere—as factories, housing projects, private homes, chapels or as shelters for the marketplace. The basic shell forms are only an inch or two thick, but they can be modified, tipped, inverted, varied almost indefinitely. In earlier days, Candela seemed to accomplish this feat of engineering almost by intuition; he gave the impression of looking down on those who mathematically calculated and recalculated stress. Today Candela checks his designs with the help of IBM machines at University City. "I am," says he happily, "the prisoner of geometry."

Candela is usually content to let the soaring geometry speak for itself, but with churches, he admits with a grin, "we refine a little." One of his most beautiful is the chapel in Lomas de Cuernavaca, done with Architect Guillermo Rosell. It is a pure hyperbolic paraboloid whose slender edges seem to float free and whose roof slopes from each end down to a skylight. Guarded by a tapering cross, it stands upon a lonely hill, surging toward the sky—a modern version of the mighty Gothic reach.

Poetic Shock

From the outside, the small white-washed house, surrounded by tiny birch and fir trees, looks as if it might belong to a mousy little spinster who would never do anything that would cause talk among the neighbors. But the house on the outskirts of Brussels belongs to Paul Delvaux, a grey-haired, sad-faced man of 65 who, next to René Magritte, is Belgium's top surrealist and can sometimes be seen standing in his studio wearing blue jeans and sandals, slowly filling a huge canvas with vacant-eyed female nudes. Against one wall stands a row of skulls, and near them are several sets of toy trains. This is Paul Delvaux's world, and not even he, nervously wringing his hands and moving about his little house in agonizingly slow motion, can quite explain why it is what it is.

Until he was nearly 40, he painted heavy landscapes that rarely showed a human being. His style was Flemish variation of the German and Scandinavian expressionism. Then in 1936 he discovered the surrealistic work of Italy's Giorgio de Chirico ("I was haunted by his poetry of silence and obsession") and Belgium's René Magritte. "They were the springboard that brought me into my own world," he says. Delvaux destroyed almost every painting he had ever done and began anew.

The Unexpected Way. His goal from then on was to "produce poetic shock by putting heterogeneous but real things together in an unexpected way." Unlike Salvador Dalí, he did not want to paint objects that did not exist in nature; nor did he want to tell stories or bear messages through the use of symbols. And always he was determined to remain loyal to what he felt

to be the dictates of composition. One of his pictures, for instance, started out as a painting of a chandelier. It then became a painting of a nude reclining under a chandelier surrounded by nude female attendants "because this is how I saw the composition."

A psychoanalyst could obviously find all sorts of sexual obsessions in Delvaux's work. In one canvas, a female nude walks through a garden past a group of fully clothed scholars, and, like the sad little figure in the ads entitled "In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads the Bulletin," is wholly ignored. And Delvaux's trains could be a Freudian symbol for the male sex drive or an occult reference to death. But Delvaux ignores all that sort of speculation. He paints trains, he says, probably because they remind him of happy trips he took during his childhood. As for his nudes, they are not live actors; they are "extras"—forms in a "poetic composition."

The Ultimate Loneliness. Last week Manhattan's Staempfli Gallery opened an exhibition of Delvaux paintings, each of which casts a spell completely independent of sexual connotation. What at first might look like salacious humor turns out to be powerfully suggestive in a wholly different way. In *Nocturne* (opposite), the viewer's eye sweeps past the two somnambulant nudes, is carried across a terrace that is as desolate as the moon, ends up on a lonely mountaintop that looms against an empty sky. In Delvaux's enigmatic world, a street can turn into a maze leading to no one knows where; the manholes that often appear suggest a secret world beneath; a mirror on a sidewalk reflects a world that cannot be seen. Even Delvaux's people seem locked in other worlds and held there in solitary confinement—the ultimate in loneliness. As purely "poetic compositions," Delvaux's paintings can delight; but they are all so full of chilling secrets that they rarely fail to haunt.



PUBLI-PRESS
DELVAUX IN STUDIO AT HOME
A nude walked by.

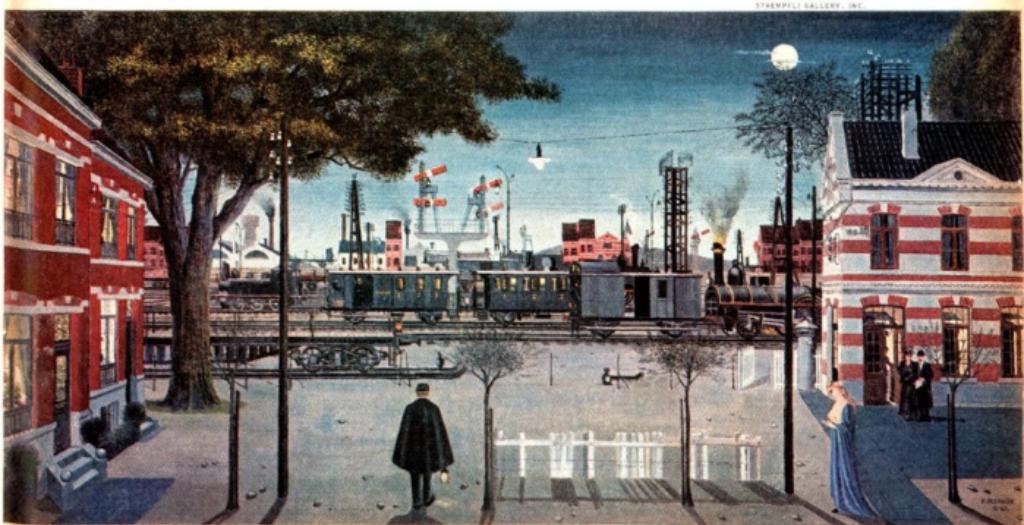
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EDUCATION

COLLEGES

A Man for Vassar

Alan Simpson, newly appointed successor to Sarah Blanding as president of Vassar College, once visited the San Diego Zoo. He was amused and distressed to find a sign reading "Don't feed the gibbons. They have a high susceptibility to dietary upsets." Simpson protested, "That sign ought to read, 'Don't feed the gibbons. It makes them sick.'" The flustered zoo people reworded their sign; they also gave Simpson a complimentary subscription to the *Zoo News*. What's more, he conscientiously read it.

As he encounters that rare species, the Vassar girl, Alan Simpson will no doubt remain a witty, candid and ingratiating foe of highfalutin humbug in language or learning. Not that he equates the straightforward with the rough-and-ready. British-born and an Oxford graduate, he joined the University of Chicago faculty in 1946 as a newly demobbed Royal Artillery major and rose to become dean of the college. "On coming to the United States," Simpson recalls, "I was struck by the style in clothes, cars, and homes, but unfortunately the American mind chugs along like a Model T—persevering and rugged, but without much grace. I should like to develop students who have some grace and style."

At Chicago the Simpson style has been to balance the traditional with the experimental, by reinforcing the full curriculum of studies, yet retaining the Robert Hutchins legacy of free-ranging intellectual inquiry. The study balance he regards as admirable is the English style of undisturbed reflection capped by rigorous exams—"a bracing com-

bination of sauntering and sprinting."

When the 50-year-old Simpson goes sauntering, it is likely to turn into a bracing hike. He has done 37 miles at a stretch, would like to try a Kennedy 50. He is 5 ft. 7 1/2 in., weighs 170 lbs., likes a martini before dinner and a nightcap of bourbon and water. He comes to his post with some knowledge of American girls, since in 1938 he married one, Mary McElroy, one-time associate editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. The Simpsons have two married daughters just into their 20s and a son, Rupert, 11. Simpson believes adamantly in the purpose and future of women's colleges: "The strength of education in this country is its diversity. A coeducational campus is a male-dominated campus. Chicago prides itself on no prejudices, yet even there you will find leadership monopolized by men."

As the seventh president, and sixth male, to head Vassar, Historian Alan Simpson will concentrate on academic leadership. "While we have emancipated women, we have not made it possible for them to make full use of their potential. We need to give women more opportunities to develop their intellectual and esthetic potentialities."

SUMMER SCHOOLS

A Boon to the Gifted

In other summers, the tree-shaded grounds of Salem College, in Winston-Salem, N.C., have been hushed in the eerie stillness that haunts deserted campuses. But this year the campus is bubbling like a chemical retort with a heady new experiment. Four hundred of North Carolina's most brilliant and creative high school students (fall-term juniors and seniors-to-be) have been brought together for an intensive eight-week study program, thanks to the state's fervently education-minded Governor Terry Sanford. Guiding principle behind this summer school is the Governor's belief that education precedes economic development and that North Carolina needs to provide all the stimulus it can for its own home-grown talents.

Last January, Sanford got \$225,000—\$75,000 for three successive years—from the Carnegie Corporation for his plan. Within ten minutes a few days later, he got an additional pledge of \$225,000 from business and foundation leaders in Winston-Salem.

Brisk Pace. The students now on campus are attending free of charge, except for their transportation. The school is totally segregated: 30 students and one faculty member are Negroes. And the pace is brisk: with 144 hours of classroom instruction devoted to a major study area, each student in eight weeks will do the equivalent of a year's work in one subject. In addition, on three afternoons a week, the student



NORTH CAROLINA'S CARTER
Race the mind.

attends two-hour classes in a subsidiary field of interest. Twice a week, there are two-hour seminar sessions on the great ideas, and every evening there is a lecture, concert or dramatic performance. Despite the taxing schedule, the high-schoolers, 30 of whom are varsity football players, have plenty of surplus energy left over for swimming, tennis, basketball and doing the twist.

Chief exhilaration comes from racing the mind with full intellectual freedom. Says one music student: "At home I was considered something of an oddball. Here, I can talk music all the time." Social Science Student David Beck, 17, says: "I'm getting the entire field of social science here. When I get to college, I'll be able to look down the list of courses and know exactly what I should take."

No Tests. Students at the school do not have to fuss with the pin-pricking routines of tests and homework. There are no credits and no grades. Says Program Director Douglas Carter, 33: "This type of student will dig into things for himself." Some noted guest lecturers will spur the digging. Last week Laura Fermi, widow of Atomic Physicist Enrico Fermi, began lecturing on science for ten days. She will be followed by Novelist Betty Smith (*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*), Playwright Paul Green and Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges. A symphony orchestra, string ensemble, ballet and drama groups are already deep into rehearsals.

The sheer responsiveness of the students inspires the 27-man faculty recruited from high schools and colleges in nine states. One college instructor found that he had taught in three days what consumes a month in his college classroom. Says Political Science Instructor Jivan Tabibian of Wake Forest College: "If we could only do this with students like these for nine months, the result would be almost beyond imagination."



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Round 3

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CLAY (BEFORE)



COOPER (AFTER)

Only one slip 'twixt the lip and his cuppa.

SPORT

PRIZEFIGHTING

Murder on the BBC

A diadem of burnished brass, inset with ersatz rubies and emeralds, adorned his handsome head, and big block letters on the back of his scarlet robe proclaimed: THE GREATEST. A squad of Coldstream Guardsmen snapped to attention and raised their long-stemmed silver trumpets. Then, with the fanfare ringing in his ears, Cassius Marcellus Clay stalked boldly into the camp of the enemy.

London's biggest boxing crowd in years—35,000—was on hand at Wembley Stadium hoping to see Henry Cooper, 29, button the Louisville Lip. Not that anyone really expected it. Cooper might be the British and Empire heavyweight champion, but he was older by eight years and outweighed by 21 lbs.; then, too, there was all that tender scar tissue around Cooper's battered eyes, "I'm afraid our 'Eney will 'ave to 'it 'im over the bonce with Bow bells to beat 'im," admitted one Londoner. But Clay was so brash, so well, so American ("That cripple," snorted Cassius, "I'll whup him like I was his Daddy") that Britons still paid up to 6 guineas (\$17.64) for a rain-spattered seat, and raided the cookey jar to bet on Cooper (at odds ranging from 5-2 to 4-1). A 78-year-old lady even sent Cooper an embroidered pillow with a note pleading: "Knock out this Clay fellow in the first round, please!"

"This is Unbelievable." And that Cooper tried. Normally a slow starter, he rushed from his corner, nailed Clay with a flurry of whistling lefts that brought the blood rushing from von Cassius' pretty nose. "This is unbelievable," a BBC announcer shouted into his ring-side microphone. "Cooper is boxing magnificently." All through the first

round and into the second, Cooper kept flicking lefts inside Clay's careless guard, keeping him off balance, forcing him to backpedal. The crowd howled. The BBC was ecstatic. "Oh, what a lovely sound for Henry Cooper here at Wembley. He shook Clay, and that was exactly the stimulus he needed to make him wicked. Clay is looking very bemused. He's very worried."

Not worried—just surprised. Toward the end of the second round, Cassius finally decided to fight, rapped a neat right to Cooper's left eye. A tiny cut appeared—and the crowd quieted down. In the third round, blood began running into the Briton's eye, blinding him, spoiling his aim. "Nothing very serious," announced the BBC hopefully. But both Cooper and Clay knew better. A smile spread across Cassius' face. The fight was his. But why hurry it?

"Cooper must fall in five," Clay had boasted, and to be exact he made it "I min. 35 sec. in the fifth." Now he was going to keep that pledge. Refusing to throw even a tentative punch, Clay dropped his arms, began dancing aimlessly around the ring. Up to Clay's corner stormed Bill Faversham, head of the eleven-man Louisville syndicate that has staked Clay to his pro career. "Angie," he yelled to Clay's trainer, Angelo Dundee, "Make him stop clowning." Clay would not listen. He was picking the time. It was all a cup of tea.

1,000 to 1. But there was one slip 'twixt the Lip and his cuppa. In the fourth round, his left eye nearly closed, blood dribbling down his cheek, Cooper lurched around the ring—swinging blindly, charging his tormentor like a maddened bull. Clay was the contemptuous matador—casually eluding Cooper's rushes, sticking his chin out, darning Cooper to hit him. Then it happened. "Clay is down!" screamed the

BBC announcer. "Cooper has downed him! Oh, a beautiful punch there!" The "beautiful punch" was a sucker left hook; its chances of landing must have been 1,000 to 1. But land it did, flush on Clay's jutting jaw. Eyes glazed, Clay tumbled backward onto the ropes. The referee began counting, and the crowd hoarsely took up the chant: "One, two, three, four, five"—and then the bell.

Dazed, Cassius staggered to his feet. He started to pitch forward, but his seconds caught him and dragged him to his corner. Trainer Dundee doused him with water, waved smelling salts under his nose. Sixty seconds of convalescence—that was all. Could he answer the bell? "You O.K.?" asked Dundee. "O.K.," snarled Cassius.

Round 5—the magic number. Embarrassed and enraged, Clay snapped Cooper's head back with a jab. Cooper reeled into the ropes. Instantly Clay was on him, smashing lefts and rights to Cooper's slashed left eyebrow—so viciously that horsehair stuffing spewed from a split in one of his gloves. Blood spattered everywhere—over Clay, over Cooper, over the referee, over horrified fans in the 6-guinea seats. "Murder! Murder!" they screamed, leaping onto their seats, pelting the ring with wadded-up newspapers. "Stop it! Stop it!" At last the ref stepped in. The round was 1 min. 15 sec. old—20 sec. short of Cassius' prediction. And groggy, gory Henry Cooper looked like a man who had just gone through the windshield of a car.

"If the Price Is Right," Clay pranced about the ring, five fingers held high. His brother, Rudolph Valentino Clay, ran up with the brass crown; Cassius bowed his head to receive it—then thought better of the tawdry gesture and waved Rudolph off. As he left the ring, a bitter spectator swung at him. Clay ducked and grinned: "I'll take my pistol to you." In his dressing room, Cassius rubbed cold cream into his tender nose, vainly examined it in a mirror. "I've never had a bloody nose before," he said. "That left hook—I've never been hit so hard by anyone."

Jack Nilon, from man for Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston, pushed his way through the swarm of admirers. "I'm ready for Liston," Clay told him, "but only if the price is right. I'll draw the crowd—not him." Nilon nodded. "I've come 3,500 miles to get you," he said. "The price will be right."

TRACK & FIELD

The Start's the Thing

The way to run the 100-yd. dash, Mel Patton once explained, is to "boom and float"—explode from the starting blocks, drive hard for 50 yds., then "settle down and go for the ride." Slender and wiry, the World's Fastest Human of the '40s rode to a 9.3-sec. 100—a world record that stood unmolested for 13 years, until Villanova's Frank Budd clocked 9.2 sec. in 1961.

The World's Fastest Human today is

What is a fan-jet?

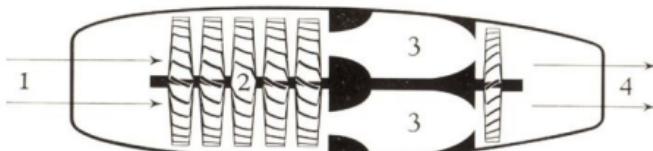
The American Airlines fan-jet story

A jet is propelled by the thrust of its engines.

But this thrust comes from a very hot exhaust, and hot air is thin air—a little like a lightweight's punch.

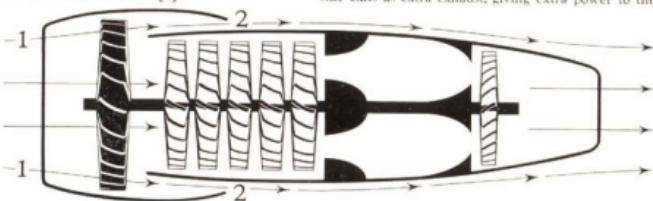
The fan-jet makes a sort of heavyweight out of it.

This engine, which American Airlines helped develop, takes



[Above] Ordinary jet draws air in the front [1], compresses it [2], and heats it in a burner chamber [3]. This expands it and it shoots out the back as exhaust [4].

[Below] Fan-jet draws in extra air through an enlarged inlet [1]. This extra air is partly compressed [2]. Then, still cool, it shoots through side exits as extra exhaust, giving extra power to the plane.



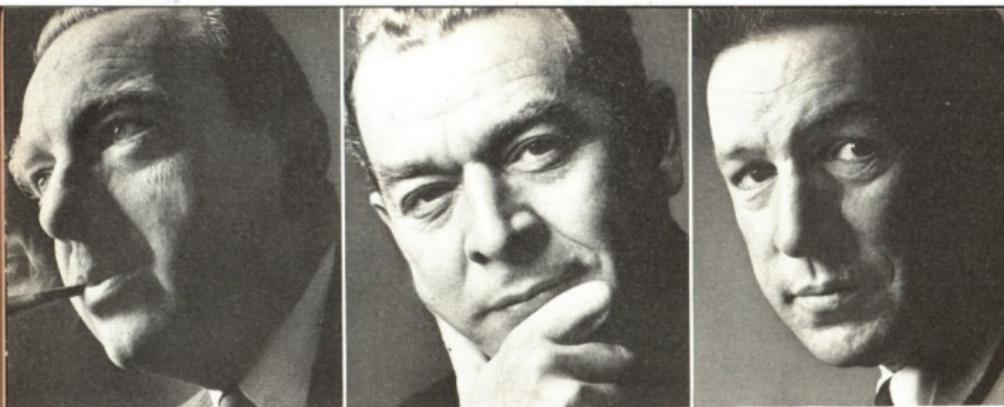
in twice as much air as ordinary jets and gives the thrust twice as much body. The result is 30% extra power—so much that the plane itself had to be changed.

This was the birth of our first Astrojet in 1961.

Astrojets take off and climb faster, fly more quietly, and use the fan-jet's extra power to help get you in on time.

Only 2 airlines in the U.S. have fan-jets on every jet they fly. American and Western.

American has 64 fan-jets, 41 more than any other airline.



They're the last ones you should listen to.

Before you catch Walter Cronkite, Charles Collingwood and Mike Wallace on the CBS Radio Network every weekday, you should listen to six other exclusive Dimension features. They happen to be on earlier in the day.

First thing in the morning "Allan Jackson Reports" on the top story of the day. Next you can hear "Dear Abby" with Abigail Van Buren, "The Women of Washington" with George Herman, "In Hollywood" with Marvin Miller, "Woman'sWorld" with Betty Furness and "FashionScope" with Edith Head.

Then listen to Mike Wallace do a "Personal Close-Up." Mike's questions may be unnerving to some of the celebrities, but they're just what you would like to ask — if you had the nerve and

the opportunity to interview someone like Zsa Zsa Gabor, Martin Luther King, Jimmie Hoffa, or Jack Benny.

A little later Charles Collingwood gives you "Sidelights" on an important news story. Early in the evening Walter Cronkite answers specific questions from listeners who "Ask Dimension."

Who could ask for anything more? Well, there are 18 additional Dimension features every weekend. And first, last and always, you'll find the best On-The-Hour News, information and entertainment on your local CBS Radio Network station listed opposite.

The CBS Radio Network



TITLEIST LEADS THE TOUR

The Titleist golf ball has been the overwhelming favorite of professionals and top amateurs in every major tournament this year.

TITLEIST LEADS IN PRO SHOPS

More Titleists are sold in pro shops than any other ball... regardless of price.

Whether you're a scratch player or a weekend golfer, the best equipment helps. Play Titleist.

TRADEMARK



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

MILESTONES

Born. To Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza, 31, one of 1963's ten best-dressed women, and Baron Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza, 42, German-born Swiss industrialist; their second child, first son; in Castagnola, Switzerland.

Born. To Roger Vadim, 35, French director (*And God Created Woman*), himself the creator of such film *femmes* as ex-Wife Brigitte Bardot; and Catherine Deneuve, 19, his latest protégé; a son, out of wedlock; in Paris.

Died. Pedro Armendariz, 51, lusty Mexican he-man heavy in innumerable Hollywood westerns (*Fort Apache*), best remembered for his portrayal of a beheaded fisherman in the 1948 Mexican masterpiece, *The Pearl*; by his own hand (.357 Magnum Colt revolver); in Los Angeles, Calif.

Died. Richard Baer, 51, last commandant of Auschwitz (May 1944-January 1945), who supervised the murder of 380,000 Hungarian Jews and then disappeared until West German police caught up with him in 1960; of a heart attack; in Frankfurt, where he was awaiting trial.

Died. John Clifford Garrett, 55, founder (in 1936) and chairman of the \$206 million Garrett Corp., who built his company on thin air, pioneering aircraft pressurization in World War II, and expanding with the industry until today Garrett supplies 2,000 aerospace products, including the oxygen gear for the Mercury astronauts; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills.

Died. Field Marshal Alan Francis Brooke, 79, first Viscount Alanbrooke of Brookeborough and Chief of the British Imperial General Staff from 1941 to 1946, a brilliant staff officer little in the public eye while he was helping chart Allied strategy but later in full, controversial view when his wartime diaries became the basis for *The Turn of the Tide* and *Triumph in the West*, in which he attacked virtually every top American (Ike: "no real commander"; Patton: "A character") and grandly regarded himself as the real architect of victory; of a heart attack; in Hartley Wintney, Hampshire.

Died. Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt, 89, prim executive housekeeper at the White House from 1933 to 1946, who handled such oversized housewife problems as bedtime hot-water bottles requested by the British royal family during a 1939 summer visit, and frightening morning memos from Mrs. F.D.R. ("Mrs. Nesbitt: There will be 5,000 to ten"), then chronicled it all in the bestselling *White House Diary* and *The Presidential Cookbook*; after a long illness; in Bethesda, Md.

6 DIVIDEND

EATON & HOWARD

STOCK FUND

127th QUARTERLY DIVIDEND
7 CENTS A SHARE

BALANCED FUND
125th QUARTERLY DIVIDEND
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Dividends payable June 21 to shareholders of record at 4:30 P.M. June 7, 1963
24 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.



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aromatic
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STREET**
stays lit



DAILY EARNINGS COMPOUNDED MONTHLY

4.8%

current
rate
per annum

- Daily earnings compounded monthly
- Paid quarterly
- For each month rate received when left through quarter, funds received or postmarked by 10th earn from 1st.
- Safety of your savings insured to \$10,000.00 by Agency of U.S. Govt.
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Type of Account _____ Individual, Joint, Trust
• • • • •

“He said he wouldn’t mind dying”

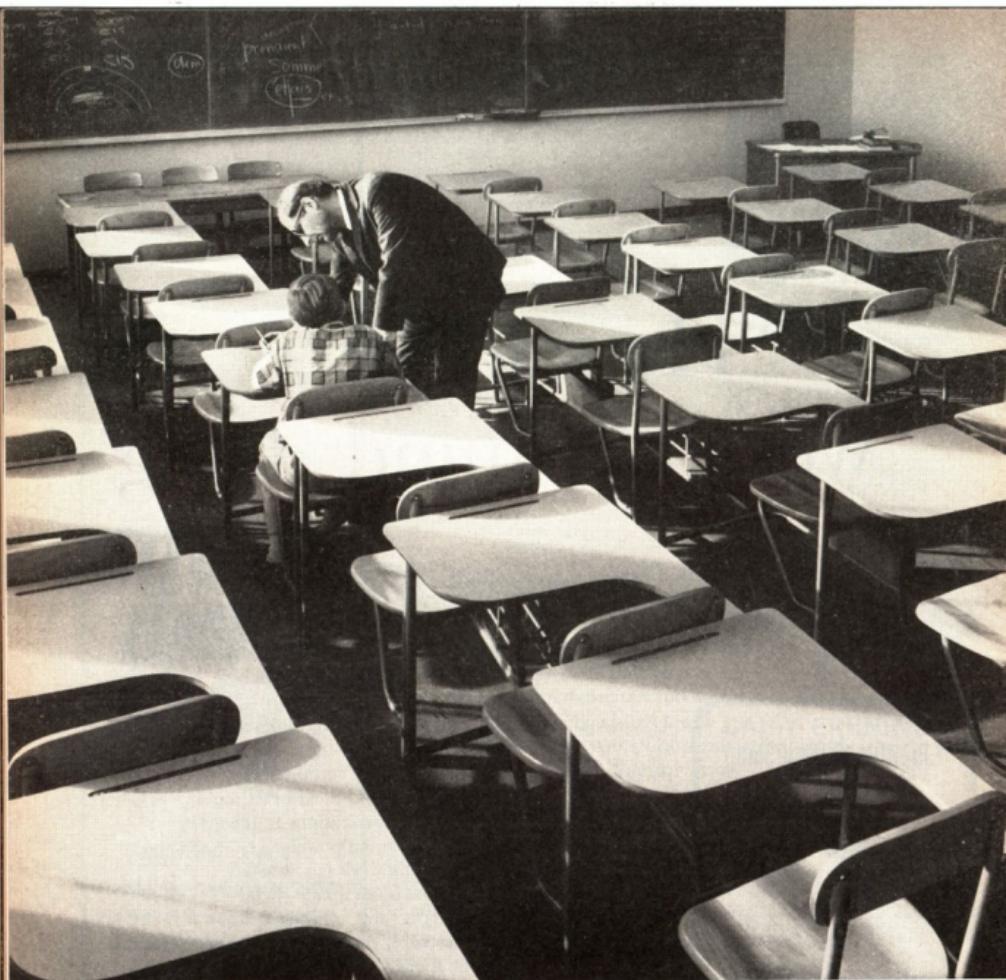
Myrlie Evers, widow of slain N.A.A.C.P. field secretary Medgar Evers, tells LIFE readers what it was like to live under constant threat of violence and death. Her story is a narrative of courage, told by a remarkable woman; it is only one of several stories in this week's LIFE by or about remarkable women.

From Russia comes a report on Valentina Tereshkova, the world's first female cosmonaut. In the light of her space triumph, LIFE presents some caustic comments by Clare Boothe Luce on the failure of the U.S. to orbit a girl astronaut and on the long-range implications of the Soviet Union's all-out utilization of woman power.

And returning to LIFE's pages this week is a woman who has been nearly everywhere *but* outer space—Margaret Bourke-White, with excerpts and photographs from her new autobiography, *Portrait of Myself*.

Women enjoy reading about themselves in LIFE: of LIFE's 32 million weekly readers, 15,356,000 are women. More than read the leading woman's magazine. People you like to talk to read

The LIFE logo consists of the word "LIFE" in a bold, white, sans-serif font, centered within a red rectangular box.



WHO ELSE CAN HELP HIM?

The extra help Johnny needs may soon be found in space-age research.

Already, an electronic computer using programmed instruction can help individual children progress at the rate of their own ability.

The use of closed circuit television has helped algebra students to improve their grades. Foreign languages have been taught in half the normal time by using automated courses. Equally important, new electronic devices will allow teachers to devote more time to individual help and stimulation.

These teacher aids are just early benefits from the unparalleled scientific revolution going on in America today. The space age has created the most demanding challenge ever faced by the combined forces of government, science, and industry in peace time. Its benefits are equal to its demands.

One goal of America's space program is to put a man on the moon...but it is not the only one. Truly it is to reach beyond our time for goals not yet known to us.

For from that reaching will come the knowledge that can better the lives of all.

Dedicated to this reaching is a new kind of company—the space-age company. North American Aviation, one of the leaders in this scientific revolution, is at work in many fields of the future including atomic energy, electronics, life sciences, aviation, space exploration and rocketry.

The engineers and scientists at NAA are expanding virtually every field of science known to man. They are working to advance the Free World's scientific knowledge...knowledge that can turn the journey to space into milestones of human progress.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION



NAA is at work in the fields of the future through these divisions: Atomics International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Science Center, Space & Information Systems

U.S. BUSINESS

TOBACCO

Trouble Is the Word

In a nationally televised game called Password one night last week, a contestant stared her partner in the eye and asked him for the word that people most logically associate with "cigarette." Without hesitation, the partner blurted: "Cancer." The audience roared with laughter and applause, and the master of ceremonies gulped, as if seeing all the leaders of the \$8 billion-a-year U.S. tobacco industry frowning collectively at him. The health issue has caused the tobacco industry to slide from peaks that it may never reach again.

Though sales reached records last year, per capita smoking of cigarettes in the U.S. declined for the first time since 1954. Profit margins dropped for every major U.S. tobacco company except Philip Morris, and cigarette company stocks are still far below the highs set before last year's market crash. The industry finds itself under harsh fire from doctors, teachers, parents and legislators. The U.S. Air Force has stopped distributing cigarettes in lunch packets to flight crews. U.S. Surgeon General Luther L. Terry is preparing to release a definitive smoking-and-health report that tobacconists fear will be widely damaging to them.

No Longer Chicken. The industry's big export markets have already been crimped by newly imposed restrictions on tobacco advertising in Europe. Last week, following an example set on British TV, two Canadian cigarette makers agreed not to advertise on Canadian TV until 9 p.m., when children are presumably safely abed. After many U.S. universities banned cigarette ads from campus publications at the urging of the American Cancer Society, five major cigarette companies last week an-



nounced that they will discontinue all campus advertising and promotion.

What worries tobacconists most is the increasing difficulty, in the face of such pressure, of attracting the young smokers on whom their future depends. Though half of U.S. adults and 44% of all high school seniors are said to be regular smokers, a teen-ager no longer need feel chicken or primp for non-smoking. The Cancer Society claims marked success from its stepped-up showings of cigarette-warning films in schools, and youngsters who quit find themselves in good company. Among adult quitters: LeRoy Collins, who almost lost his job as president of the National Association of Broadcasters when he expressed disapproval of cigarette ads pitched to youngsters, and President James M. Hester of New York University, who last week asked the press to discard old photos showing him puffing cigarettes, "since he has discontinued smoking."

Scramble for Space. Instead of flatly condemning reports of a cancer link, as manufacturers once did, the industry's Tobacco Institute now prefers to stress "a crusade for research." While waiting for the results of that crusade, tobacco companies have stepped up their \$200 million advertising campaign, which associates smoking with virility and romance. Manufacturers scramble hard for spots in vending machines, which now account for 16% of cigarette sales. Partly because the automatic vendors ask no questions of underage smokers (who are breaking the law in 46 states whenever they buy cigarettes),

four states are considering imposing restrictions on the machines. Vending machines can stock up to 20 brands, and are so well patronized that all the cigarette companies except top-selling R. J. Reynolds (Camel, Winston, Salem) offer premiums of up to \$32.10 annually per machine to vendors who agree to stock their brands.

Space is at a premium in the vending machines because of the extraordinary proliferation of new brands. Tobacconists hope not only to fit every taste and soothe every fear, but also to cater to the restlessness that is one result of the concern about smoking. Most of the new brands have a consciously antisepic image—notably the filters (which have now captured 56% of the U.S. market), the lengthy kings (20% of the market), and the menthols (14%). Liggett & Myers has launched Lark with a "3-piece Keith filter," and Brown & Williamson is test-marketing Breeze filters with menthol and a "touch" of clove. American Tobacco has brought out menthol Montclair; last week Philip Morris started selling nationally its filter menthol Paxton, which comes in a thin plastic "humidor" case. Launching each new brand costs some \$10 million, but most of them seem to burn out quickly nowadays. Among the recent failures: R. J. Reynolds' Brandon, Philip Morris' Commander, American Tobacco's menthol Riviera, Brown & Williamson's Kentucky Kings.

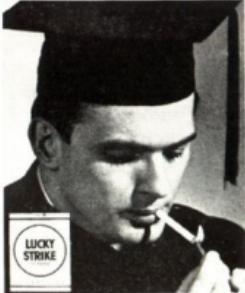
While they talk bravely of the future and are confident that old habits die hard, tobacconists are hedging by diversifying their interests. U.S. Tobacco now makes candy too. Philip Morris has bought out Burma-Shave, Clark Chewing Gum and American Safety Razor (Personna, Pal, Gem). R. J. Reynolds has gone into several lines from fruit punch to packaging.



WALTER DARDEN
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S HESTER
Discarding the old.

Get Lucky

the taste to start with...the taste to stay with



CAMPUS AD
Reaching for the young.



COOPER & MCDONALD
A formula for automation.

LABOR

A Satisfactory Steel Settlement

"Some people said it couldn't be done," said United Steelworkers President David McDonald, "but we've done it." "A significant development in the history of collective bargaining," agreed R. Conrad Cooper, a U.S. Steel vice president and the industry's chief negotiator. The White House passed on word that President Kennedy was "gratified."

The news was not unexpected, but that did not dampen its revolutionary impact. After 5½ months of meetings, labor and management agreed on a 13-week paid sabbatical vacation once every five years (on a rotating basis) for all hourly workers in the top half of the seniority ranks at each steel company. In all of U.S. industry, only the canmakers have even a roughly similar agreement, and Dave McDonald has been trying to get one from the steelmakers for seven years.

McDonald also won higher sickness, accident and health insurance benefits—but no wage hike. In return, the union promised management a contract guaranteeing no new demands before Jan. 1, 1965, and agreed to hold off a strike for 120 days after a contract reopening instead of the present 90 days. At a cost of roughly 8½¢ an hour on a yearly basis, the new contract granted the smallest increases in the industry since World War II and was well within the limits of a noninflationary settlement asked of all unions by President Kennedy.

The sabbaticals will give steelmakers a lot of bookkeeping problems, but the union regards the three-month paid holiday as one answer to automation. McDonald figures that senior employees going on long vacations will create up to 25,000 new jobs for people who will have to fill in for them. Even at that, the union will not wholly offset job losses in the steel industry. Steel is automating so fast that in March, with 25,000 fewer workers, it turned out nearly a million more tons of steel than it did last year.

CORPORATIONS

Elevating Influence

The skyline of Manhattan—or of any other metropolis—would be completely different were it not for the Otis Elevator Co. Founder Elisha Graves Otis made the first safe and practical elevator in the middle of the 19th century. When steel beams and hanging walls made skyscrapers structurally possible, it was the availability of the elevator that made such heights practical. In the present worldwide boom in high-rise buildings, 110-year-old Otis is thriving as never before. Operating in all 50 states and in 43 countries, the company last year captured a dominant 40% of the world's elevator business, and reported record sales of \$351 million.

From Lions to Titans. Elevators of a sort were around long before Elisha Otis. Crude elevators run by manpower lifted stones for Cheops' pyramid in 2900 B.C., later carried gladiators and lions to the arena level of Rome's Colosseum. There were even steam-powered elevators operating several years before Otis developed his, but Otis worked out a system of springs and ratchets that prevented elevators from falling when hoisting ropes broke. He thus set off a revolution in construction. Department stores and tenements, which had rarely risen beyond five stories, began to top off at ten stories; hotels, which had assigned their help to the top floors because of the long walk up, suddenly found the penthouse floors the most desirable for tenants.

Growing from an early merger with eight competitors, Otis never lost its early lead. With more than 250,000 of its elevators in operation around the world, Otis does double the business of its only real competitor, Westinghouse, makes about 25% of its money by maintaining the elevators it installs. A battery of 58

Otis hums up and down the Empire State Building; Otis elevators lift planes aboard the carriers *Saratoga* and *Independence* and promenaders aboard such liners as the *France*, the *Leonardo da Vinci* and *Cunard's Queens*, raise Atlas and Titan missiles into firing positions at missile sites.

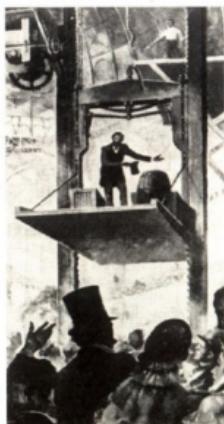
A Little Scare. Otis also manufactures escalators (it is pushing a new one with glass balustrades), moving walkways, fork trucks and bowling-alley pin setters. But elevators account for 88% of the company's business—and Otis never stops trying to improve on them. All of the elevators Otis makes today run without operators (at a saving of \$8,000 per car a year). They are so electronically sophisticated that they will not close their doors on a passenger (though they may scare him a little by trying to), automatically program themselves for varying morning and evening traffic, and usually answer the call of a button within 25 seconds. President Percy L. Douglas, 60, is concentrating on increasing the company's worldwide business, and Otis now has 19,000 employees abroad.

AVIATION

Blocking Air Mergers

The U.S. airline industry, which suffers periodically from financial turbulence, last week ran into a patch of especially rough air. Items:

► Splitting along party lines (three Democrats to two Republicans), the Civil Aeronautics Board rejected a merger proposal by Eastern and American airlines to form the nation's largest domestic airline. Says CAB Chairman Allan Boyd: "The risk of concentrating so much power in one airline outweighed the benefit the merger might have had for American and Eastern." The refusal left Eastern in a grave finan-



1854 DEMONSTRATION



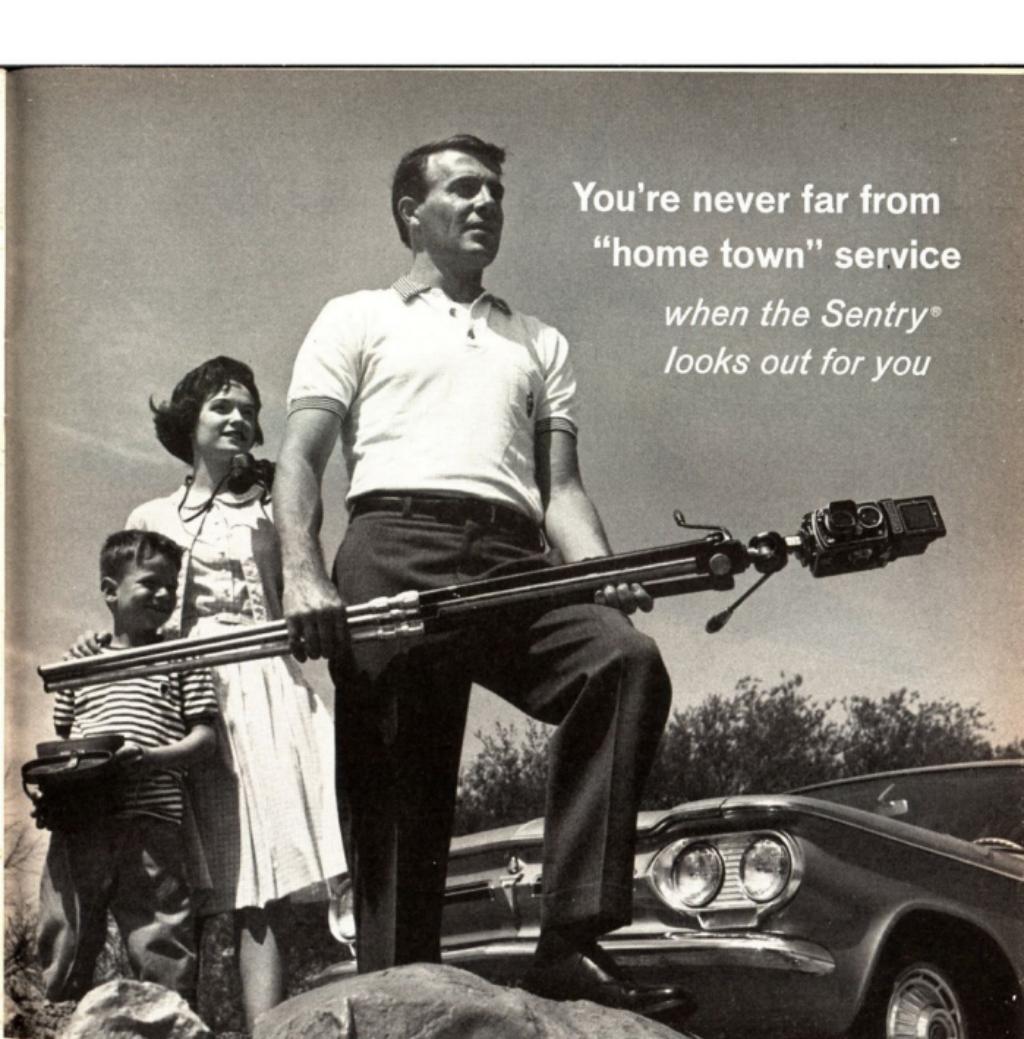
ELISHA OTIS



DOUGLAS



IN EQUITABLE LIFE'S NEW MANHATTAN HEADQUARTERS
An express car to the top.



You're never far from
"home town" service
*when the Sentry®
looks out for you*

"HOME" MAY BE clear across the continent, but folks who travel with Sentry Insurance protection, in a sense, take their "home town" with them.

If their cars get banged up . . . or someone is hurt . . . or a prized possession is stolen, there's help right at hand. A phone call to the local Sentry office gets action. Experienced Sentry people get repairs going fast—and pay the bills with no stalling or "checking with the home office."

Because, when it comes to looking out for policyholders, every one of our 46 Sentry

Insurance service offices is a home office.

It makes good sense to turn all your insurance needs over to your local Sentry Insurance man. He sets up a *balanced* protection program. Makes sure there are no gaps in your coverage . . . no premium dollars wasted.

And all your insurance—life, home, auto, boat—can be paid with one check . . . on an installment plan that suits you.

Ask your local Sentry Insurance man for details. Look for us in the yellow pages.



Hardware Mutuals • Sentry Life

Personal and Commercial Insurance through Hardware Mutual Casualty Company, Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Company and Sentry Life Insurance Company • Home Office, Stevens Point, Wisconsin • Offices coast to coast



New York to L. A. in 90 minutes

Now being readied for flight is North American Aviation's XB-70, a delta-wing giant that will climb above 70,000 feet and cruise at a fantastic 2000 mph. Though the XB-70 is designed for the military, its development is a great stride toward one of our national goals: supersonic commercial airliners. In studying the enormous stresses the XB-70 will encounter at three times the speed of sound, design engineers use MetalFilm strain gages developed by Budd's Instrument Division. These tiny gages—

In metals, electronics and plastics,
Budd works to make tomorrow... today.

some smaller than a paper clip and as thin as a thousandth of an inch—are cemented to a wing, tail, or any other structure under study. They electrically transmit physical strain of simulated loads to recording instruments for ultra-accurate measurement. MetalFilm strain gages are among the many Budd tools and techniques that advance the art of testing and analysis. For details, write The Budd Company, Philadelphia 32, Pa.

THE **Budd** COMPANY
OVER 50 YEARS OF SERVICE TO INDUSTRY

cial state. Faced with withering overcompetition and crippled by a recent flight engineers' strike, it has suffered a pretax loss of \$60.3 million in the past three years, including a \$3,100,000 loss last month. The CAB believes that Eastern can survive, but it may now have to help out by reducing competition on some of Eastern's routes.

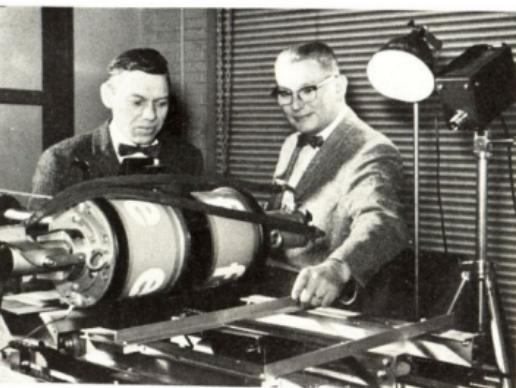
► Hard-pressed Northeast Airlines faced the loss of six jetliners and nine turboprop planes. General Dynamics Corp. and Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. moved to repossess their planes after a CAB examiner recommended that Northeast be refused a permanent certificate to fly the Miami-New York run. Without this route, most airline experts feel, Northeast has next to no chance of survival. Through his attorneys, elusive Industrialist Howard Hughes, who controls Northeast, began intense negotiations to staff off Vickers and General Dynamics until he can line up other planes to keep Northeast flying. He obviously hopes to find a merger partner, but since Northeast is staggering under a \$60 million debt, a merger may be difficult to arrange.

PUBLIC POLICY

Blocking Bank Mergers

Banking is one area where Bobby Kennedy's trustbusters have found the going rough. Legal interpretation has prevented them from blocking bank mergers that the U.S. Comptroller of Currency has approved—and over the years comptrollers have been reasonably permissive about mergers, partly to compensate for the fact that banks are strictly regulated by federal and state agencies. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court, which has been a vigorous trustbuster lately, opened the banks to Bobby. It ruled that the Justice Department may bring unlimited suits against banks under the Clayton Act's broadly worded and controversial Section Seven, which bans mergers whose effect "may be substantially to lessen competition, or tend to create a monopoly."

Voting 5 to 2, the court upheld the Justice Department's protest against the previously approved merger of Philadelphia's second and third largest banks, Philadelphia National and Girard Trust, which together would control 36% of the city's banking assets. The Justice Department now hopes to block pending mergers in Arizona and Kentucky that would create concentrations of more than 50% of the local banking business. It will also try—with somewhat less chance of success—to dissolve the proposed merger of three Milwaukee banks (20% of the city's assets) and the recent linkups that created the Continental Illinois National Bank (with 25.5% of Chicago's assets) and Manhattan's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. (13% of New York City's assets). The substantial effect of the court's decision should be to reduce future attempts to merge by bankers everywhere.



OHIO STATE'S McMASTER (RIGHT) WITH X-RAY DEVICE
Followers of the brakeman who whacked the wheel.

TECHNOLOGY

Testing Without Breaking

In most U.S. companies, the quality-control department is apt to be a laboratory where technicians happily ruin a random sample of products by tearing, pulling, bending or melting them to see if they meet set standards. But in today's rapidly advancing technology, where the products are often too complex or too expensive to test by such methods, industry's scientists are turning to a new and promising science called nondestructive testing. They are using X rays, ultrasonics, magnetic particles, dyes and tracer gases to spy out flaws and weaknesses that affect quality or safety—and doing it without so much as scratching the products.

Right the First Time. The pioneers of nondestructive testing were the railroad brakemen, who used to tell if a steel car wheel was cracked by whacking it with a hammer to see if it rang true. United Air Lines technicians use basically the same principle today when they bombard jet turbine blades with electronically generated sound to see if the blades resonate at a frequency that indicates there is no danger of breakage. Westinghouse uses ultrasonics—super high-frequency sound waves—to probe right through big forgings in the rotors of its giant \$2 million turbine generators and detect air pockets or cracks inside the metal; since it began this test, Westinghouse has not had a single forging break on the job. An ultrasonic tester used by Republic Steel can measure the thickness of a coat of paint or locate an air pocket 40 ft. deep in solid steel.

Government buyers, insistent on the nearest thing to perfection in space components, have been the prime driving force behind industry's growing interest in nondestructive testing. Ever since loose solder balls of only a thou-

sandth of an inch in diameter were found inside transistors in the Polaris missile, the Air Force has insisted that all the transistors in missile components be X-rayed. Companies have discovered that "preventive" testing produces safer and more efficient products, and also cuts costs by making it easier to detect and correct flaws. Manufacturers of machinery and airframes spend 13% of their production costs on nondestructive testing, are convinced that otherwise they would lose 45% of their production because of faulty quality. "Every time you have to do something over again," says Lockheed Aircraft Tester Harvey Christen, "you duplicate your original cost. Nondestructive testing helps you to make each part right the first time."

Dangerous Cracks. Republic Steel ensures that its seamless pipes are right before they leave the mill by using an electromagnetic testing machine that watches for breaks as the pipes rush by at assembly-line speed and determines whether they can be repaired. With such nonmagnetic metals as zirconium and tungsten, testers use penetrating oils to test products that are unresponsive to electromagnetic devices. Mixed with dyes that show up under ultraviolet light, the oils quickly reveal dangerous cracks in such important products as nuclear reactor components and power stations.

Despite the growing interest of business in nondestructive testing, Robert C. McMaster, a professor of welding engineering at Ohio State who has developed an X-ray method for testing metals that shows up flaws on a TV screen, complains that the new technology still "means little or nothing to perhaps 99% of U.S. industry." Considering the quality loss caused by less exacting standards, McMaster views industry's reluctance to take up non-destructive testing as "a major tragedy."

WORLD BUSINESS

PRICES

The International Binge

While the cost of living in the U.S. has risen only an average 1% a year since 1957, the rest of the world is off on a binge of price rises. In 57 non-Communist nations whose productivity is tabulated by the International Monetary Fund, the cost of living has climbed 26.8% since 1958. It rose 7.9% last year. In the United Kingdom and Germany the cost of living was up 2.8% in 1962, and in France 5.4%; Italy has undergone a 6.6% jump in the past twelve months. Booming Japan's living costs have climbed 6.8% in the first five months of 1963, enough to threaten Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda's hopes for a doubled per capita income by 1970. In Latin America, the increases are catastrophic: Argentina's cost of living rose 31.5% last year, Chile's 20.8%, Brazil's 60.9%.

The Latin American spiral is largely the result of instability in the peso, escudo or cruzeiro, which in turn increases import prices and wrecks wage levels. In economically advanced nations, however, the increases are a penalty of unpoliced success. Expanding industrial output in the postwar years, these nations tried to avoid labor shortages with higher pay, more overtime and lavish fringe benefits—until wages finally outpaced production. At the same time, increased consumer spending competed for a relatively stable supply of goods and steadily pushed up prices, particularly of food. Britain slowed its spiraling cost of living by instituting a pay pause in 1961; Italy granted employees in state industries a massive 5.3% pay boost last year, far more than Italian private industry granted.

The Japanese, those old specialists in low-cost production, are now suffering most among major industrial nations



TRANSATLANTIC LINERS BERTHED IN MANHATTAN

Making the trip worth the trip.

from recent price rises. Spring prices of spinach and radishes, two favorite Japanese vegetables, are up 20% this year. Public bathhouses, government-regulated as utilities, got a 30% price hike in 1961, but last week owners threatened to strike to gain another 32%. Haircuts in Japan cost 40% more, laundry double 30%; even piano teachers have doubled their fees. Worryingly, Prime Minister Ikeda is considering reimposing the price controls dropped in 1954. The remedy most generally applied in other nations is to ease the duties and quotas on food imports in order to drive down local prices. Unfortunately, such a program has its own built-in hazard: it increases the foreign trade deficits that Japan and every Common Market nation except Germany are faced with.

SHIPPING

The Atlantic Swell

For a change, the Atlantic below, as well as the sky above, was crowded with tourists. Since 1957, the last year before jets went into transatlantic service, ships have experienced a worrisome 25% decline in passengers. But reservations are now running about 6% ahead of last year, and such luxury liners as the *France*, *Rotterdam* and *Cristoforo Colombo* are booked solidly through mid-September. For the first time in five years, the ship lines expect to break the 1,000,000-passenger mark.

The airlines this year will carry at least 2½ times that many passengers, but the transatlantic ship lines have improved their own position by concentrating on what the speedy jets cannot offer. Says Sir John Brocklebank, chairman of Britain's Cunard Steamship Co.: "With jet travel, there is no need for an Atlantic ferry." Instead, the lines sell the idea of leisure, roominess, food, fun and salt spray.

Cunard has ripped out the Edwardian trappings of two of its ships, installed bowling lanes and nightclubs and

rechristened the ships *Carmania* and *Franconia*. Along its Mediterranean stops, the American Export Lines provides variety in entertainment by picking up Spanish flamenco dancers in one port, carrying them to the next, and then taking aboard another set of locals. The Italian Line hires hostesses—often someone who can claim a titled name—to help passengers get acquainted.

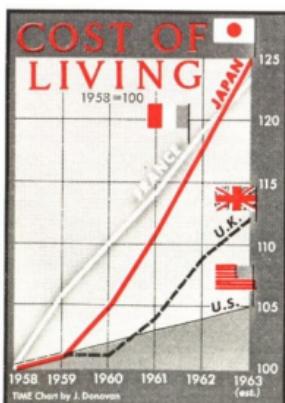
For a long time, the hotly competitive ship lines and air companies refused to cooperate so that passengers could travel by air one way, by sea the other—though many potential passengers did not care to, or did not have the time to, make a round trip by boat. This has now changed, and an estimated 30% of all Atlantic sea passengers this year will be traveling on the split ticket.

Savoring their new prosperity and enjoying once more the sight of long waiting lists, the ship lines are returning to an old and irritating habit of peak-season travel: overbooking. In the somewhat unrealistic fear of sailing with empty cabins because of late cancellations, at least one line has been double-selling several hundred berths—just the kind of behavior calculated to drive passengers back to the airplane.

FINANCE

The General Practitioner

When Pierre-Paul Schweitzer was first mentioned as a successor to the late Per Jacobsson as the \$40,000-a-year (tax-free) head of the International Monetary Fund, everyone seemed in favor of the idea—except Schweitzer himself. An unassuming and dedicated French senior civil servant, Schweitzer was reluctant to leave his post as No. 3 man (with a chance for the top job eventually) in the Bank of France, did not like the idea of moving his wife and son from Paris to Washington. Word went out that he had been Jacobsson's own personal choice, and as the pressures mounted, Schweitzer finally gave in. Last week he was of-





For reprints of this symbolic Artybasheff illustration of an early Voyager concept, write: Avco, Dept. T-4, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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ROBERT MOTTAR—FORTUNE



PIERRE-PAUL SCHWEITZER
Avoid the grandiose.

ficially named the new watchdog of the world's currencies.

Elegant and lanky, Schweitzer, 51, is not expected to make sudden or radical changes at the IMF. He is a pragmatist, and is wary of grandiose global formulas for solving the world's fiscal troubles. "I'm not an economist in my own right," says Schweitzer. "I'm a general practitioner." He believes that the IMF should concentrate its attention on the underdeveloped nations, feels that there should be a gradual increase in the world's money supply to finance increasing world trade. But he insists that any increase in funds should be initiated by national treasuries and not through any sort of IMF-sponsored arrangement.

A nephew of philosopher Albert Schweitzer, Schweitzer was born in Alsace-Lorraine, is a member of the small French Protestant elite that has played a role in French banking out of proportion to its numbers. He joined the French treasury in 1936 after graduation from Paris' Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, went underground as a Resistance fighter after France's fall in 1940, and spent the war's final months in Buchenwald. His education in international monetary affairs began in 1947, when he became an alternate member of the IMF board. In a succession of important French administrative posts, he helped conceive and carry out the devaluation and stabilization of the franc, laying the basis for France's remarkable economic renaissance.

FRANCE

Riding on Air

If the French have their way, a ride on a subway need no longer be a nerve-racking, ear-wrecking experience on shrieking steel wheels. The government-owned Paris Métro, which celebrated its 63rd birthday last week, has just installed a revolutionary innovation on its high-traffic Vincennes-Neuilly line: cars that run along the tracks on pneumatic

tires. The result of ten years of experiments commissioned by the Métro, the new system was developed jointly by tiremaker Michelin, automaker Renault and the Compagnie Electro-Mécanique. Eventually it will be used along the entire 160-mile length of the Métro.

Though the Métro is the first to experiment with rubber tires on a subway, the Michelin tires have been in use for nearly five years on a mile-long funicular railway that runs cars up and down Mount Carmel in Haifa, Israel. Last week Montreal ordered rubber-tired rolling stock based on the Métro design for the 9½-mile subway it plans to build. Transaco, a French investment firm that is marketing the Métro system, recently signed technical contracts with Istanbul and Rio de Janeiro.

The rubber-tired, lightweight subway cars run on concrete or wide steel tracks and provide a swifter, far quieter and more cushioned ride for passengers. The friction of the tires allows quicker stops and starts so that trains can keep to faster schedules; on some runs the Métro figures that the extra speed will give it the capacity of five trains for the price of four. The trains are designed so that on existing subway systems they can share the right of way with older trains by straddling the steel rails on their own special track. But Transaco feels that the Métro system has its biggest future in entirely new transportation systems being planned in many of the world's growing cities, where authorities can start from scratch to design for the rubber-tired trains.

BRAZIL

Rothschilds of the South

Businessmen who live high on the hog irritate a Brazilian intellectual named Israel Klabin. "In an underdeveloped country," says Klabin, "there can be no elite." Yet Klabin himself, a businessman as well as a Sorbonne graduate, belongs to—and prizes membership in—an elite of sorts. At 36, he is one of Brazil's brightest young businessmen and the *primus inter pares* of an unusual family whose members share equally the profits and responsibilities of running a \$130 million business complex. "We are," says Israel Klabin, "something like the Rothschilds."

The ten brothers, sisters, cousins and nephews who are at the center of the dynastic Klabin clan completely own a group of ten companies that mine minerals, raise cattle, grow coffee and manufacture paper, tiles and textiles. They have just completed a \$30 million plant expansion that will more than double their newsprint capacity to 135,000 tons, reduce Brazil's paper imports by a third. Hoping to further Brazil's development and the family fortune simultaneously, they plan to build two new plants to make paper and tile as soon as Brazil's runaway inflation slows down a bit.

Modest Living. Like many of Brazil's industrial big rich, the Klabinis are relative newcomers who have benefited from the country's expanding markets, its hunger for European skills and its easy tolerance of immigrants. Four of them left Latvia for Brazil near the turn of the century and opened a plant to convert rags into paper. Gradually, the family founded or acquired other companies, and at the start of World War II were asked to build a huge paper mill by Dictator Getulio Vargas, who feared that the war would cut off Brazil's paper imports. When the Klabinis objected that a U.S. gearing for war would not export machinery for the plant, Vargas telephoned Franklin Roosevelt and got the Klabinis what they wanted.

The Klabinis have built up their vast enterprises with equal measures of family loyalty, business acumen, political sagacity and social awareness. They lived modestly, had their children educated in Europe, invested their earnings in new plants and won political favor by acquiring a reputation for public service. A grandson of an original Klabin, Horacio Lafer, 63, who is an active partner in the Klabin business enterprises today, has served as Brazil's Foreign Minister and Finance Minister, and amazed everyone in 1951 by balancing Brazil's budget.

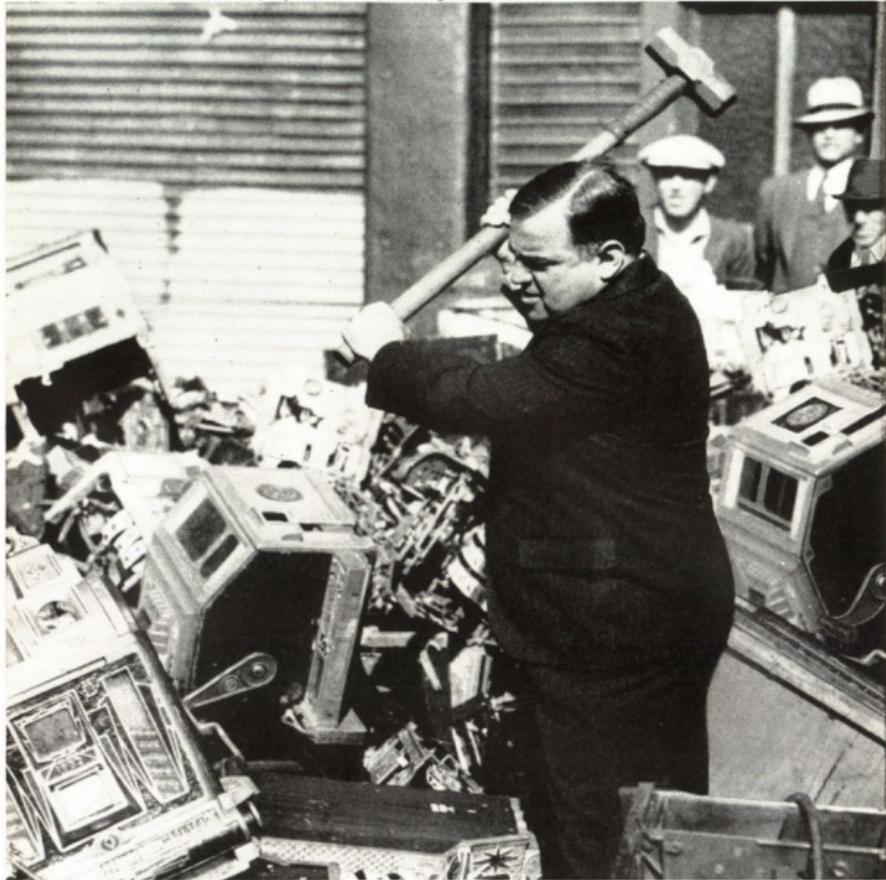
Good Night & Goodbye. The Klabinis' no-nonsense tradition is carried on by Israel Klabin, who considers himself "a troubleshooter and a father confessor" for his family's business. Last year, despite Brazil's eroding currency, the business grossed well over \$60 million. As to which of the many branches is the most profitable, that is a secret the family holds tightly. "I always remember what my father told me about Baron Rothschild," says Israel Klabin. "When he was dying, Rothschild called in his sons and said: 'I have only two things to tell you. Never show your books, and good night and goodbye.' "

PAULO MUNIZ—FORTUNE



ISRAEL KLABIN
Never show your books.

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CINEMA

WALTER DABAN

Mister Kennedy

PT 109. Warner Bros. has approached the story of J.F.K.'s 1943 heroism with a reverence usually reserved for a New Testament spectacle: not a chapter or verse of Robert Donovan's bestseller is omitted. This accounts for the film's nearly 2½-hour running time. It does not account, however, for turning the first hour or so into a miniaturized *Mister Roberts*. All the old hands are on board. There is the salty Regular Navyman who makes things tough for the fresh-water PT-boat jockeys; there are the stock-comic enlisted men with true hearts and rural accents; there is even the inevitable goldbricker who works always at being transferred Stateside. When this character dares to suggest to Mister Kennedy that with his pull in Washington he could get both of them out of the Pacific in no time, he is scuttled with the reply: "Sorry, Rogers—and I'm surprised at you."

Both crewmen and superiors are forever saying things to Kennedy that 20 years later they probably wish they had not. "You got a brain like a seed pearl," splutters one sailor after Lieut. (j.g.) Kennedy has accidentally dumped a bucket of dirty water over him. And the running gag all through *PT 109* is oh-boy-think-of-talking-like-that-to-the-President-of-the-U.S. But nothing upsets Kennedy's dedication to duty, and sometimes he sounds as if he were rehearsing an inaugural address at some happier future time. "Think these men will do a good job for us?" asks Ty Hardin, the *109's* exec as he ponders the crew. "If we do a good job for them," replies Kennedy.

Once the reels of salt-water drag rac-

ing are out of the way (*PT 109* wins the race, but smashes into the dock when Cowboy Kennedy slams the engines into reverse at high speed and conks them out), the film takes on a measure of verve and dash. Best scene is the nighttime patrol when, running without lights, Kennedy's PT suddenly comes under the prow of a blacked-out Japanese destroyer and *PT 109's* plywood hull is sliced through like an orange crate. There is a moment of silence, then a crackling as the sea becomes molten with flaming fuel, and in the night come the terrified cries of men calling out to their buddies.

The real-life yarn of how the survivors made their three-mile swim to the nearest island is good cinema. And for once, the heroics are real, not faked, when, swimming at the head of the burned and dazed men, Kennedy tows one of the worst injured along by holding the straps of his life jacket between his teeth. But once they reach land, the note of remember-who-is-all-about surfaces coyly again: one of the crew tosses a pair of waterlogged boots to another, wisecracking: "Put a high gloss on these, porter. They're for my friend when he gets back to Hyannis Port."

As a vignette of heroism in the far greater story of the war in the South Pacific, *PT 109* would have made a serviceable little picture for the double-bill circuits. But blown up out of proportion in deference to the man who is now the Great Big Skipper, and yakked up out of believability by miles of comic relief, it has become a wide-screen campaign poster. One merciful antidote: smiling Cliff Robertson has been allowed by Director Leslie Martinson to play Skipper Jack with vigor, not vigah; there isn't a single hand-stabbing J.F.K. maniaism in sight.

Director on the Couch

8½—the opus-number title of Federico Fellini's new film—is self-psychological analysis in search of an answer. Fellini, who made *La Dolce Vita*, has a singular personal problem: why is he so preoccupied with making movies that speak of the emptiness of life? He gets his answer, but unless Fellini's problem has been preying on the mind of the viewer, he may not care to take on the director's doubts and confusions.

The cinematic catharsis is performed on two levels. The ostensible story tells of a director (Marcello Mastroianni) who has made a commitment to do a film, has the organization and backing all set, and is struggling to find an idea. On a more mystical plane, *8½* casts light on his condition in a series of dream-and-memory sequences probing back into childhood. The film opens silently on a tunnel clogged with stalled cars and buses. As Mastroianni tries to start his car, fumes surge into it and he begins to suffocate. Mastroianni finally



MASTROIANNI IN "8½"

Just fine for the man who made it.

floats in fantasy out of the car, out of the tunnel and into the sky.

Pulled down from the sky like a kite, Mastroianni wakes up in a cluttered bedroom at a sleazy spa. Circling sycophants plague him with questions about the movie, tiresome actresses whine that they cannot possibly go before the cameras, reporters pepper him with questions ("Are you a Communist? Are you against the A-bomb?").

Fellini's admitted moral dualism, in which his Roman Catholic upbringing wars with his present nihilism, comes into play. Eager to have an audience with an elderly cardinal, Mastroianni is led, like a sheet-wrapped Dante, down into a funny inferno where the cardinal is stewing his skinny bones in a steam bath. Then, in a dream, Mastroianni sees himself as the black-cloaked master of a harem surrounded by all the women of his life, who adoringly bathe him, dry him, and carry him to dinner wrapped in a blanket.

At length, Mastroianni, his staff and friends and his embittered wife sit in a cavernous theater to watch a showing of screen tests. A moment of fantasy: a critic, who has never ceased his sniping, is summarily taken up into the balcony and hanged. Reality again: everyone leaves the theater and a caravan takes them to an eerie Cape Canaveral set for the film, which is to be a science-fiction movie. Reporters badger Mastroianni once more, and he crawls under a table and shoots himself. This clears his head once and for all, and in a moment of revelation he sees that the way to turn chaos into creativity is to stop brooding about the bogoblins of his dreams and to start working on a film about the real people who surround him.

8½ is at least a wildly pictorial electroencephalogram, at best a fascinating ride down Fellini's stream of unconsciousness. Says he: "All I can say is that it did me good to make it. It was a liberating experience." But is that a reason for showing it publicly?



ROBERTSON AS J.F.K.

Just think of who he was going to be.



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BOOKS

Seek, Seek, Seek

HARRY, THE RAT WITH WOMEN by Jules Feiffer. 181 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$3.95.

As a sketch-and-word man, Jules (Sick, Sick, Sick) Feiffer trades heavily in the guilt-edged insecurities of modern America. Meaning well and putting their trust in Freud, Feiffer's cartoon characters are forever trying to find



JULES FEIFFER
Love is a disease.

themselves and at the same time break through to others. "Do I really love her?" Feiffer youths keep asking themselves, "or is she just a fertility symbol?" "Is it passion that makes me kiss him," their girls muse, "or am I just acting out an anti-male hostility aggression through my lips?"

What they all seek, of course, is love, love, love. Now, in a tragicomic fable which is his first try at fiction, Feiffer tells them what life would be like if they really found it. Sheer hell.

"Why Am I Exciting?" Harry is a kind of body-by-Fisher King of Love. Most children, even in the U.S., do not get enough of it. Harry gets all that America can provide—at first without any of the customary complications. "Unlike other parents who found their children lovable enough to eat—and so did—Harry's . . . nibbled only lovingly and slightly." Entirely adored, he is entirely self-centered and entirely beautiful. He is an American ideal, a protected boy-man untroubled by thought, untwisted by complexes, unhaunted by feelings of insecurity. As a result, he is irresistible.

"Why am I exciting?" a girl whispers to Harry.

"You remind me a little of me," says Harry.

As a succession of fell females fall for Harry, it looks as if Feiffer is merely

having a little fun at the expense of U.S. preoccupation with self-preoccupation. But Harry soon proves to be an innocent Candide ripe for torment on the low road to worldly wisdom. What blights Harry's cheerful narcissism is the warped love of a good woman. Her message: Harry must make a break through to other people. "Give, give, give," she chants.

Harry gives some flowers—not to her but to his wife, a beautiful woman whom Feiffer describes as "a freelance castrator." Next morning Harry, who until then has been physically flawless, wakes with a pimple on his nose.

Seeing Is Becoming. Switching from taking to giving ruins Harry's love life. "Those who once moved silkily toward him began to jerk, stumble, twitch and fall." Sympathy and empathy for all his fellow creatures sets in. He becomes what he sees. He limps in the presence of the halt. His stomach bloats. His hair falls out. He becomes ugly. He dies—longing to be his old self-contained self once more, but unable to cure himself of his disease.

Feiffer's stylized fairy tale can be read, some of the time, as light summer fiction. It is studded with scenes of cheerfully skin-deep satire and divertingly chuckleheaded dialogue. But occasionally Feiffer's laughter comes close to a stifled cry of anguish—in a way that has not been matched since Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts* took to heart the troubles reflected in his advice-to-the-lovelorn column, and was destroyed by acute compassion.

Nietzsche preached that Christianity was a plot by the weak to emasculate the strong. Feiffer suggests that the compulsion to "break through to others" is a disease spread by the insecure to corrupt the self-possessed. This kind of love does not stop with the individual—it seeks to embrace the world. Seeking love and finding oneself, says Feiffer, is an ultimate contradiction in terms.

The Heart of Darkness

HOUSE UPON THE SAND by Jurgis Gliada. 168 pages. Maryland. \$3.95.

THE BIRTHDAY KING by Gabriel Fielding. 383 pages. Morrow. \$5.95.

Neither the French Revolution nor the Napoleonic Wars, not even the American Civil War, has obsessed novelists as much as the Third Reich. There human nature hit rock bottom, and it has been an irresistible temptation to novelists to try to tell why. Twenty years after the event, there are more novels than ever on the Nazi era—as if crime of such magnitude takes years to digest.

House Upon the Sand, a novel of savage ironies, belongs with the best of the literature on Nazidom. Written by a Lithuanian novelist who spent the war in Nazi-occupied Lithuania, it tells of a

decent German aristocrat who turns into a Nazi killer with chilling ease. Messkirch, narrating the story of his own fall, is a well-to-do landowner in rural Germany. He takes pride in being a skeptic, a cut above the fanatical urban upstarts who are running the country. But in countless small ways, he betrays the weaknesses of character—the obtuseness, the occasional coarseness, the racism—that the Nazis know so well how to exploit.

Blood for Blood. Though Messkirch is kind to the French and Russian war prisoners who work on his estate, he frankly considers them inferiors who rely on "temperament" instead of "temperance." He is contemptuous of the local party hack, who spouts Nazi clichés, but he has also a sneaking admiration for him: "In his round eyes, the eyes of a bird of prey, I saw the extinct race of ancient Rome, which had marched intrepidly over the whole expanse of the ancient world and conquered it." He admits his isolation from the mainstream of European life: "The most worthless German parvenu was closer and more understandable to me than an educated foreigner."

Messkirch is thus easy prey for the Nazis. Indifferent for most of the war, he suddenly gets word that his only son, Otto, has been killed in ambush in France. In his anguish, he turns for guidance to the only philosophy he



JURGIS GLIADA
Revenge is a narcotic.

knows—the Nibelungen lore. "Only blood could atone for the blood of my son," he concludes from his primitive reading, and this judgment is confirmed by the Nazis: "The principle of revenge permeated every aspect of our collective struggle in the Third Reich. Vengeance was the reason why our flying bombs thundered over the enemy's territory. Our whole community fed on the ideas of revenge and retri-



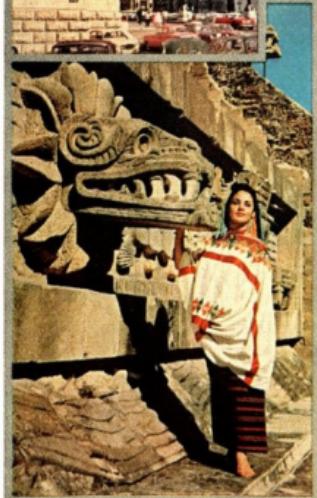
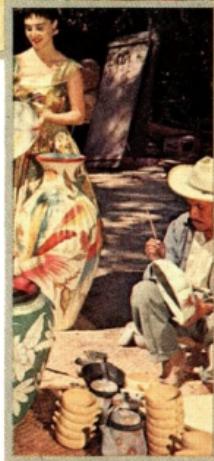
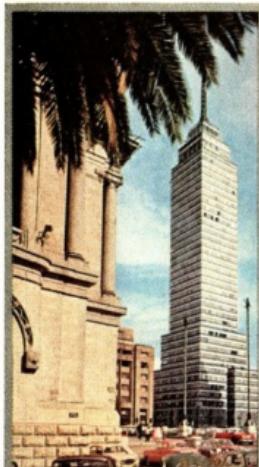
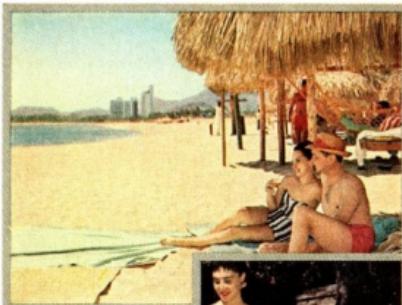
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VACATION IN MEXICO—SO NEAR... AND YET SO FOREIGN

bution. These ideas were offered like a narcotic to the masses."

For revenge, Messkirch decides to murder a French prisoner. He chooses Mollendruz, a young man of intelligence and character, as a worthy countersacrifice for his son. No sooner has he committed the murder than he learns that his daughter is carrying Mollendruz' child. True to his newfound Nazi standards, Messkirch disowns his daughter, who kills herself. He becomes a local hero, because "the father had yielded to the German in me." Ultimately, he sardonically observes, the Nazis "would have raised me to a legendary figure; my deed would have graced the pages of school primers; it would have been celebrated in literature and on the stage."

Messkirch expects to savor his revenge when Mollendruz' father comes to see his son's grave. But his revenge goes sour. He learns that Otto was not killed by the enemy but by the Nazis, for plotting against the regime. Utterly broken, Messkirch can only stammer a few words of bogus comfort to the Frenchman, his enemy. "I had forgotten the skepticism of which I was so proud," he concludes. "I had abandoned myself to darkness, and darkness ruled over me."

Caricature, Not Character. For all his crimes, Messkirch is a sympathetic character. Not so the chief character of *The Birthday King*, by British Novelist Gabriel Fielding. Ruprecht Weidmann is the scion of a wealthy manufacturing family that has a slight admixture of Jewish blood and is trying desperately to get into Hitler's good graces. A cold opportunist, Ruprecht commits his anti-Nazi brother to a concentration camp, drowns a companion, betrays a business associate who is plotting against Hitler, sends off a dozen of his factory workers to serve as medical guinea pigs. Ruprecht is a kind of Iago beyond the reach of life—and the credibility of the reader. If he is meant to represent all those people who were corrupted by making an accommodation with the Nazis, his motivation is too simple. Pure greed does not sufficiently account for all of Ruprecht's vices.

Fielding is more at home with caricature, in which he at times brilliantly conveys what he calls the "innocent malevolence of the Nordic mind." In prison, Ruprecht's brother Alfried is tortured with exquisite science. His torturers, wearing rubber gloves, use surgical instruments to make delicate incisions about his body, taking care not to injure his face. "The cell," Alfried marvels, "was pervaded by a sense of conviction similar to that which fills a hospital theater during a prolonged and difficult operation." But he also notices with dismay that the chief torturer always has cuts on his face from vigorous shaving. Finally the torturer wears off his finesse, grabs a seltzer bottle and, bursting into party song, starts beating Alfried in the groin with it.

The Paper Chase

A SENSE OF REALITY by Graham Greene. 119 pages. Viking. \$3.50.

Rudely understood, the substance of Graham Greene's religious writing is an irreverent version of the famous saying about Hungarians: "If you have God for a friend, you don't need an enemy." Greene readers, observing God's persistent inhumanity to man, are not merely instructed that his ways are not man's. They are drawn inevitably into speculation about the apparently tormented belief of Author Greene himself.

Without admitting that his books are autobiographical in detail, Greene has said that a novel is a kind of confession. But whatever he says on this subject, he goes on dropping clues in an ever-lengthening paper chase which seems to lead straight through the potting shed



GRAHAM GREENE
Is faith incurable?

into a paradoxical garden where loss of faith is somehow proof of God's existence. The latest is a new short story called *A Visit to Morin*. Presented along with a slight bouquet of recent literary Greenery, *Morin* is fascinating (and likely to draw more attention than the other stories in the book) precisely because it seems to carry Greene a razor's edge closer to despair than did *A Burnt-Out Case*, his most recent novel.

Like Greene, *Morin* is a Roman Catholic novelist. He has had enthusiastic non-Christian readers who "detected in his work the freedom of speculation which put his fellow Catholics on their guard." But *Morin* has apparently written away his faith. He now views his successful past as a Catholic writer with distaste. "Long after I ceased to believe myself," he explains, "I was a carrier of belief, as a man can be a carrier of disease without being sick."

As a famous Catholic author, Greene does not wish to create a scandal by not going to church, at least on Christmas Eve. But when he goes, he dares not

take Communion. Why? Ostensibly, because of a sinful love affair. But the affair is long over, and he still cannot bring himself to take Communion. Tortuously, he argues that if he no longer had any faith at all, he could take Communion without a qualm. The fact that he cannot is his last lingering hope: perhaps his loss of faith is visited on him as a judgment. "As long as I keep away from the sacraments," he explains, "my lack of belief is an argument for the Church. But if I returned and they failed me, then I would really be a man without faith."

There is perhaps a measure of comfort in the notion that the disease of faith may after all turn out to be incurable. But it is a far less positive hope of heaven even, than that of earlier Greene characters, who often tried to see in their own aridity and torment a sign of God's pursuing love.

The Historian as Novelist

PREScott's HISTORIES edited by Irwin R. Blacker. 568 pages. Viking. \$7.50.

William Hickling Prescott never visited Spain. Friends tried to lure him there during his many tours of Europe, and so did the Spanish government. But Prescott had a Spain in his mind, and he wanted nothing to mar that image. Prescott's Spain was a darkly dramatic land, and he populated it with villains of incredible baseness and heroes of astounding virtue. In so doing he became one of the most famous American historians of the 19th century.

Prescott is often quoted today, but seldom, if ever, read. To put him back into circulation, Historian Irwin Blacker has soldered together generous excerpts from Prescott's four books—*Ferdinand and Isabella*, *The Conquest of Mexico*, *The Conquest of Peru* and *Philip II*. Prescott may have had no first-hand experience of Spain, but he had what was perhaps better—good friends in the U.S. diplomatic service. He used them to get access to documents in Madrid that no historian had seen before. The scaffolding of fact upon which Prescott constructed his books was so solid that more than a century after their publication, his histories remain basic sources of information on the Spanish empire.

Sometime Novelist. As popular reading they are something else again. The style and the viewpoint that made Prescott so popular in his own time now seem quaint and dated. A modern reader, reading him for the first time, might conclude that he was perhaps as great a novelist as that other sometime historian, Sir Walter Scott.

Prescott did not plan on a career as a historian. Born into a wealthy Boston family, he wrote one volume of indifferent poetry, dabbled in literary criticism, traveled about Europe, and at 30 decided that he should write a significant book. The role of literary-man-turned-historian appealed to him; he had al-

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W. H. PRESCOTT
The mind's eye was stronger.

ways admired Gibbon and Voltaire. But their weakness, he noted, was that their "writings are nowhere warmed with generous moral sentiment." Looking for a country on which to lavish moral sentiment, Prescott discovered Spain.

Ferdinand and Isabella took him ten years, and purely in terms of the physical effort involved, it is a wonder that he ever finished it, or any of his other books. Prescott had been all but blinded in one eye in an accident at school, and by his mid-30s the sight in his other eye had begun to fail. He devised a method of writing on a board lined with wires to guide his hand. But most of the research materials that went into his books had to be read to him by a secretary, and when his sight failed completely, he took to dictating.

Play with Figures. Seeing history as a kind of gigantic morality play, Prescott decorated it with figures that are plainly preposterous. His Queen Isabella, for instance, is straight out of the 19th century romantic novel—blue-eyed, fair-haired, and possessed of a piety that "shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance which illuminated her whole character." It was her remarkable innocence, says Prescott, and her implicit trust in her "ghostly advisers" that caused her to fall under the influence of the villainous Torquemada, who established the Spanish Inquisition.

Prescott heroes—Philip II, Cortes of *The Conquest of Mexico*—are generous, manly and brave. They are at their best when things are worst: "Even Cortes, as he contrasted the tremendous array before him with his own diminished squadrons, could not escape the conviction that his last hour had arrived. But his was not the heart to despond . . ." Destiny, in Prescott's universe, was white and strenuously Christian.

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